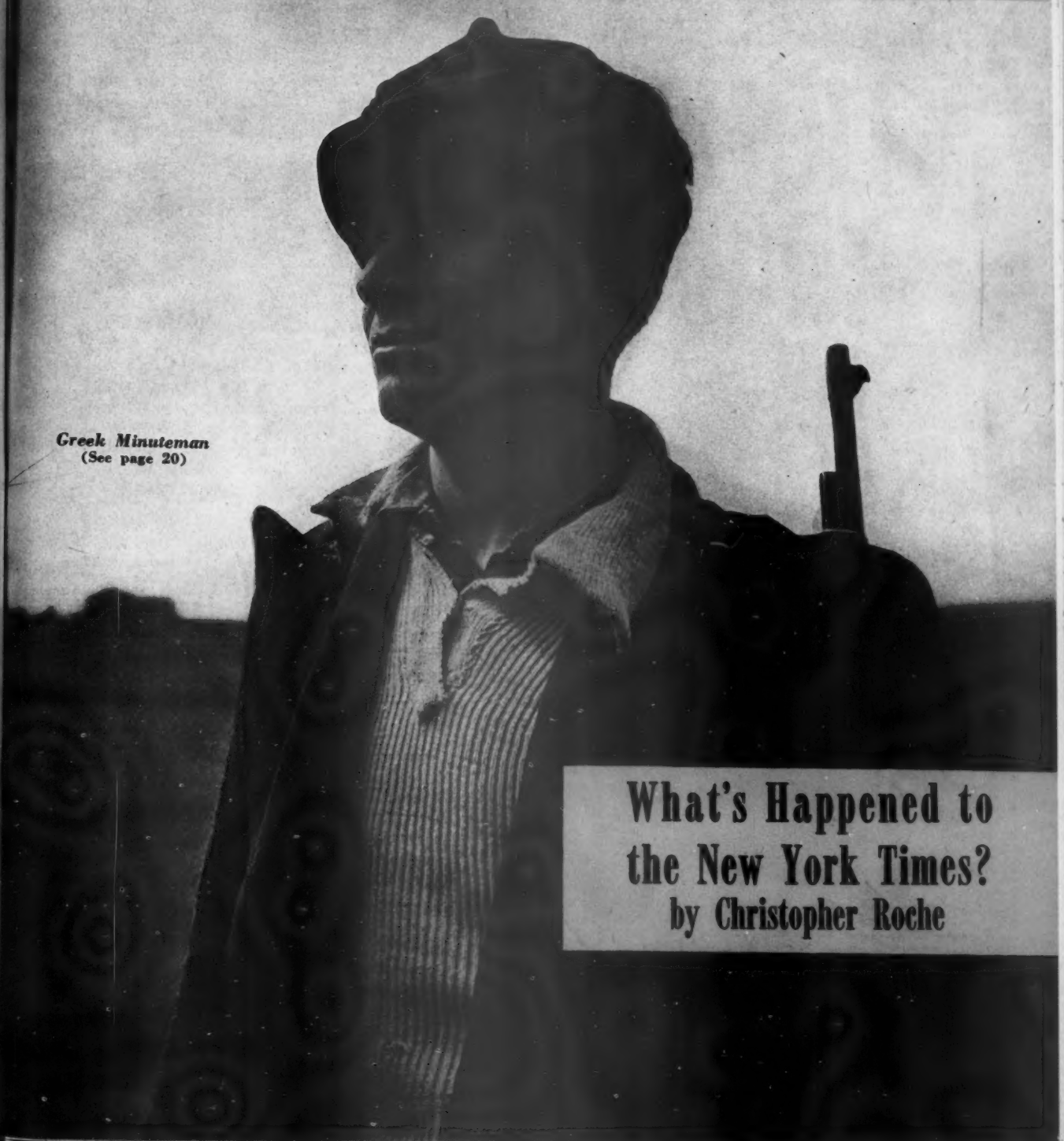


The Sign *National Catholic Magazine*

November 25¢

Greek Minuteman
(See page 20)

**What's Happened to
the New York Times?**
by Christopher Roche



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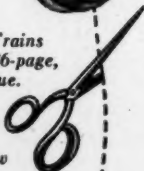
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LETTERS



"Four Years Later"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am grateful to you for printing Gretta Palmer's fine article, "Four Years Later." I have already read it three times, so I hope her wise words will really sink in. It is the kind of new writing that is valuable not so much for its novelty as for the light it throws on what we should have understood already—but didn't.

The same may be said of Father Farrell's monthly column—which I always turn to first, and which alone is worth the admission.

NATHAN LINCOLN

Farmingdale, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thanks to you and to Gretta Palmer for the article "Four Years Later" in the September issue. As I read it, I recalled Robert Burns' immortal words:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursel's as ithers see us!"

It is consoling to learn that my spiritual struggles are no more unique than was my conversion. Thanks to Miss Palmer, I'm anticipating a day when I will cease to be "a convert" and will begin to be "a Catholic."

Meanwhile I'll be able to laugh at myself, and thus recover my balance.

MRS. ROBERT BAKER

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

The Sign in Class

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We used THE SIGN for Social Studies and English classes in the Senior Class last year, and the students enjoyed the magazine. You might be interested to know our debating team found it very helpful. We won the trophy too!

SISTER M. ANNUNCIATA, R.S.M.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Labor Policy

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I think THE SIGN is an excellent magazine and I enjoy it very much. In some of the articles on the subject of labor, I think there is too much antimanagement bias. If the duties and responsibilities of labor were stressed, it could do a great deal of good.

Both the movie and book reviews are excellent, and I like the feature on what lay Catholics are doing that is outstanding—it inspires others.

DOROTHY B. FORD

Youngstown, Ohio

"I Had to Know"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It is most generous of some of your readers to be interested in whether or not I have been cured of the chronic hypoproteinemia mentioned in my book *I Had To Know*. Many correspondents who have written me about the book ask the same question. I wish the answer might be jubilantly affirmative. But the physical state has steadily worsened. However, this I can say and gratefully: The tangible channels of grace provided by the Sacraments and the gift of Faith are enormously sustaining.

Meanwhile I have faith that the many prayers inspired by the book on my behalf will help me and I will be given, *Deo volente*, sufficient strength to use my writing to help others.

Many thanks to your readers for their kindly interest.

GLADYS BAKER

New York, N. Y.

"Designs on Women"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Today I purchased four additional copies of the September issue of THE SIGN and take delight in passing them on to my friends. I know they will make very good use of the priceless "Designs on Women," and will see to it that, in turn, all their friends will read it.

MARY S. GALLAGHER

Phila., Pa.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In my humble opinion there has been nothing more universally needed than the unmasking of the character of the leading magazines for women. I hope that the series, "Designs on Women," when published, will be printed in cheap booklet form and placed in the hands of every Catholic woman. The harm that these periodicals are doing through the undermining of the morals of Christian women far outweighs the influence of religion because their subject matter is so insidious.

REV. CHARLES J. GABLE

Greenville, N. C.

"Spanish Alliance"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thanks very much for your editorial "A Spanish Alliance." All that you had to say there was very true.

The last paragraph did a good summing up.

Thanks, again, for an excellent editorial.

JOHN S. WHITTLE

Covington, Ky.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am always delighted to receive and read THE SIGN when it arrives, for I find its views on current affairs stimulating and to the point. I can assure you that in my country most English Catholics and many British people who are not Catholics desire to see better relationship with Spain. Had we a Conservative government, friendship with Spain would not be long delayed. In politics I am a supporter of the Conservative or Tory Party, and I believe that my countrymen will return this party to power at the next General Election. I do not believe that the extreme left wing of Labor will control this country, for at heart, even the British working classes are by no means revolutionary.

I think it is a mistake to pay too much attention to the fulminations of the T.U.C., for the great mass of Britons are solid for the American Alliance and the North Atlantic Pact; and unlike the left wing of Labor, they are decidedly anti-Red. There is still at rock bottom great stability of character and purpose in the British people. In the whole of our history, we have never allowed fear of what an enemy might do to us deter us from pursuing what we rightly or wrongly believed to be the honorable course to take. America need never fear that Great Britain will let her down. Our reputation in the two recent World Wars is, I hope, a sufficient proof of this.

A military alliance with Spain is something to be hoped for and prayed for, since the Spaniards are, as you rightly say, a brave and gallant people, but, in spite of our present troubles, the British Empire is still a power to be reckoned with, and a very great power too. We are passing through a difficult phase, but we have both the courage and the reserve strength to pull through and emerge stronger than ever. Britons like to grumble; it is a kind of safety valve for their emotions. But they are stolid and stubborn and do not know the meaning of defeat. We may be knocked down, but never for a final count. Fear of retaliation will never cause us to let down our friends. The young and virile American Eagle will find that the old, but by no means toothless, British Lion is still more than a match for bears, or any other denizen of the international jungle.

P. SCOTT-MONTAGU

London, England

Editorial

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In your September issue editorials, THE SIGN unmistakably implied that either General Marshall or Secretary Acheson lied under oath in their conflicting testimony regarding the policy directives on Marshall's mission to China. Surely this is not the only possible explanation of the conflicting testimony. How can anyone rule out the possibility that both men told the truth as they recalled it—remembering that their testimony referred to happenings of five years ago? How can anyone rule out the possibility that the two quotations you selected for contrast were not directed in their minds to precisely the same point?

Approaching the question from another angle, is it likely that either of the two

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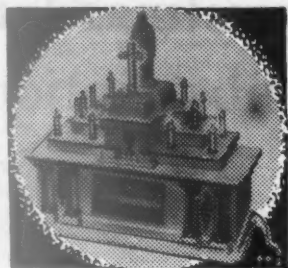
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men, knowing that other public testimony was, and would be, available, would be so utterly stupid as to lie under oath about a matter so easily verifiable? Anyone who knows General Marshall and Dean Acheson even slightly would hardly accuse either one of being that stupid.

CLARENCE J. ENZLER

Bethesda, Md.

"World Calendar"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article "World Calendar" in your September issue, by Clarence Zens, is rather misleading and unfair, I think. The many advantages of a stable calendar are almost ignored. The objections raised against the plan are at least questionable.

The opinion of Fr. Pizzoni, unfavorable to the World Calendar, although printed by the Vatican Polyglot Press, would not necessarily represent the mind of the Holy See. However, Mr. Zens seems to make that transition. He leaves the reader with the impression that the Vatican has spoken through the pen of Fr. Pizzoni.

The first objection to the adoption of World Calendar, namely, the fear of "bickering that might break out," should not block action if a majority of the major nations favor the plan. What reform plan ever was put through without opposition? The proposal to establish standard time zones was attacked by those who predicted that bickering and confusion would follow.

The second objection to a stable calendar seems utterly invalid. Mr. Zens states, without explanation, that "the adoption of the World Calendar would require a new determination date for Easter. . . ." There seems to be no basis for this statement. The placement of Easter, according to the moon, would continue to be an affair of the Church. It is true that the Church could and should, in the opinion of many, stabilize Easter on a certain Sunday, say the second Sunday of April. But the World Calendar does in no way demand a new determination of the date for Easter.

According to the third objection, the stable calendar plan would be contrary to Exodus. This does not seem to follow. The adding of an extra day to the end of December (and to the end of June of leap years) would, in effect, make one eight-day week. The extra day (Dec. 31st, and June 31st on leap years) would be a civil holiday by state law and a religious holy day of obligation by Church law. It seems to me that the precept in Exodus, namely, "six days thou shalt work. . . . On the seventh . . . thou shalt do no work. . . ." would be observed. One eight-day week, coming at the end of the year, having six work days and two days of rest surely would not be an unsurmountable deviation.

The advantages to the Church from a stable calendar should not be overlooked. If the United Nations adopt the stable World Calendar the Church could stabilize Easter and thereby the liturgical cycle. This would mean that henceforth every feast always would fall on the same day of the month. Obviously, this would make for a notable simplification of the breviary and the Roman missal. What priest would not welcome a breviary simplification? What layman would not rejoice if he were given

a simplified, unchanging missal which he could follow easily while at Mass?

Perhaps this question of a new stable calendar is worthy of serious attention. Let us examine the many advantages and then weigh the alleged objections more carefully before summarily dismissing a plan which is being promoted by experts from every walk of life.

REV. RAYMOND L. MUELLER, S.J.
Alma, Calif.

Correction

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It isn't often that you need a word of correction—your publication is one of the best—but in the "Sign Post," September issue, T.M. of St. Louis, Mo., received an incorrect address in your reply which we feel should be brought to your attention.

The New York office of the Co-operative League of the U.S. was transferred sometime ago from 167 West 12th Street, to Washington, D.C., and is now located at 726 Jackson Place, N.W. in Washington.

In addition to the splendid books you recommend, we suggest *Fundamentals of Consumer Co-operation* by V. S. Alanne, published by the Co-operative Publishing Association, Superior, Wisconsin (50 cents); we have found it most valuable in our work of promoting economic co-operation through our adult study clubs.

Extension Department
St. Francis Xavier University
Antigonish, N. S.

A Pat on the Back

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

One thing I have noticed about THE SIGN Magazine is this: that it has never been necessary for THE SIGN to reverse itself or to adopt a change of policy. THE SIGN was consistently right in all political matters just before, during, and all times following the Spanish Civil War. THE SIGN was right in its estimates of political mistakes as they were being made during and following the Second World War. THE SIGN has been consistently correct in suspecting that all has not been well in the policy-making branches of our government. THE SIGN has been correct in not demanding a surrender of our Legislative to our Executive branch of the government.

CHARLES A. WALSH
Concordia, Kansas

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I thank you for the two-year subscription which I received as a result of winning THE SIGN QUIZ contest.

The editorial page of THE SIGN is the one I always turn to first. It has always been very interesting and informative for me. I know the coming year will find me no less enthusiastic about my favorite magazine.

JOAN HEALY
New York, N. Y.

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editors reserve the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editors. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

The Sign

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Editor's page

Whither Zionism?

THE reaction of some of our readers to editorials on Zionism indicates a profound ignorance of the fundamental issues involved. Charges of anti-Semitism we can ignore. Many prudent and far-sighted Jews deplore the political and military activities of the Zionists.

The Jews have received worldwide sympathy because of the terrible persecutions they have suffered. Every Christian and human sentiment deplores these wrongs and urges help to the victims. But Zionism is not, at present at least, a humanitarian movement designed to help unfortunate Jewish refugees. It is a political and military organization, based squarely on race, religion, and nation, using brute force against an innocent people as the instrument for the execution of its policies.

Take the matter of immigration into the state of Israel. There are very few places in the world today where Jews cannot live peaceably. In most of these few places, they are either not allowed to emigrate or (as in some Arab lands) they are under handicaps because they are identified with the hostile policies of Israel.

In spite of this, Zionist leaders are promoting immigration to Israel at a hectic and irrational rate. Into this small area, poor in natural resources, they are pouring fifteen to twenty thousand immigrants a month. In a few years the population has doubled and redoubled. Israeli leaders declare that they are determined to raise the population from the present figure of 1,250,000 to 2,000,000 by 1953, and they make no pretense that the motive is humanitarian rather than nationalistic and military.

Reporting the recent World Zionist Congress held in Jerusalem, Mr. William Zuckerman, editor of the *Jewish Newsletter*, gives a frightening picture of what is planned. He wrote: "In some manner, Israel is supposed to have a unique jurisdiction over the 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 Jews who live in every country of the world outside it. The mission of the new state is thus not accomplished with its establishment. It must continue to grow by bringing in Jews from all over the world, no matter how happily they live in their present homes and settle them in their ancient homeland. . . . The Jerusalem Congress

marked officially the end of the glory of American Zionism and the ushering in of a period of intense Middle Eastern nationalism, . . . fashioned after the pattern of the late Revisionist, Vladimir Jabotinsky, who dreamed of a big Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan to take in all the Jews and to become the largest military power in the Near East."

Some American Zionists were evidently shocked by the proceedings. The Israelis have already carved a state out of Arab land and have driven 750,000 Arabs out of their homes into exile. Now they look with covetous eyes on the rest of Palestine and even the territory across the Jordan. Others viewed the matter quite coldly. Rabbi Louis I. Newman of New York wrote: "There is scarcely an intelligent Israeli today who believes that the present boundary lines are permanent, or that the hill country of Cis-Jordania is to be forever separated from Israeli territory." One can hardly help wondering if these people do not see the resemblance between their program and Hitler's policy of "Lebensraum" for his superior Nordic race.

IS it any wonder that the Arab and Moslem Near East—an area of vital importance to us—is disturbed? Is it any wonder that the people of this region refuse to co-operate with us when they see us give sympathy and support to those who have robbed them, driven them from their homes, and are now preparing further aggressions against them? The Arabs are not fools. They realize what is being prepared for them—with American approval and money. They know that the sword is aimed at them and that, unless Zionist plans are frustrated, they will be driven back step by step into the desert—their lands, homes, vineyards, and farms taken over by an alien people brought from the ends of the earth for this purpose.

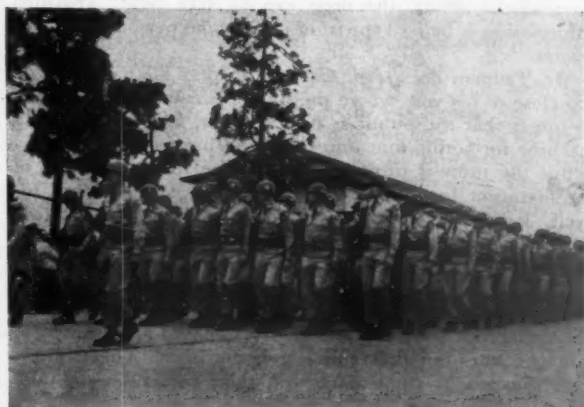
Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Chaplain Kenny Lynch, Passionist, offers Mass on Korean front lines. The fighting men continually ask for our prayers, so don't slacken, but rather increase your prayers.



Another four-mile column of soldiers marches off to Korea. We have lost thousands, but this is taken apathetically. After all, they say, it is only UN police action!

Harold Stassen, on Oct. 1, nominated himself for a first-class headache. On Oct. 2, he began to get it. From here on in, he shouldn't be surprised to find uncooked egg spattered on his political shirt front or to see his reputation stuffed into a meat grinder. On that bright Oct. 1, while less hardy souls dallied with Dodgers-

You'd Better Duck, Harold!

Giants play-off, University President Stassen, under oath, told the Internal Security Committee what he saw with his eyes and heard with his ears. That, in itself, is no reason for breaking out the bloodhounds.

But it was Owen Lattimore and Philip Jessup whom Stassen told on, a circumstance which makes a little difference. Lattimore and Jessup have become symbols of big-time diplomatic bookmaking. These two experts on Pacific relations are popularly identified with the President's most ruinous gamble—the Truman China policy. Lattimore and Jessup, however, are only symbols of the China fiasco. Mr. Truman must rightly accept responsibility for it.

The China affair was so unfortunate an exploit that the public can no more overlook it than it could overlook the absence of trousers on an opera-house usher. But there is a method by which the responsible party can undercut the solitary grandeur of his unenviable position. He can make a lot of other people look as bad as himself. Particularly those who go poking around to see what has been swept under the carpet. Attack on one's critics distracts attention and distributes opprobrium.

This, it appears, is what the President has been doing—landing with both feet on anybody who testifies against the advisors who huddled with him to hatch the China fumble. He has been aided in this tactic by various party colleagues, frontiers, and the utopian fringe of liberalism.

In certain cases, these helpers have out-smearred the people they called smearers.

Louis Budenz and Elizabeth Bentley can tell you how hard it is to serve the United States of America if it means discrediting someone around whose neck Harry Truman has draped his arm. Or Whittaker Chambers—who barely escaped a perjury indictment for putting the finger on Alger Hiss.

Now Mr. Stassen has stepped up and sworn that Lattimore and—to some extent—Jessup advised the diplomatic dickering which made China what it is today. Lattimore, said Mr. Stassen, wanted China Communist, wanted Formosa handed over to the Communists, wanted Mr. Truman to urge British recognition of the China Communists as a prelude to our recognition.

Watch out, Mr. Stassen. Testimony no longer has a judicial function in security investigations. Not if you go by the effect it has on the Administration and its friends. There have been loads of testimony. But Mr. Truman's indiffer-



In Germany, former prisoners of war stage a march for release of other POW's behind the Iron Curtain. Soviet retorts by making a POW camp of Eastern Germany.



In Yugoslavia, business is good for sculptors. They can't make enough busts of Tito. The image of this ruthless dictator must appear in every public building and home.



General De Gaulle said the Atlantic Pact is not sufficient—we should re-arm Germany. Since the Reds have re-armed the East, why delay in doing the same in West?

ence to it insinuates that it is always motivated by politics, by a spirit of exhibitionism, or by plain spite.

Despite testimony, past, present, or to come, it must apparently remain unthinkable that Mr. Truman has been either mistaken or remiss in his selection of advisors. Nobody, it seems, is responsible for the China flop. In fact, it seems there is no such thing.

The Truman order on news releases, recent press conventions, and the highly vocal presence of Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, exiled publisher of the Buenos Aires *La Prensa*, have provoked much discussion of freedom of the press. Reports of this discussion reach the public through the press and, consequently, acquire a sympathetic coloration. They convey the press's idea of freedom of the press.

The Press and the President

Understandably, the press's idea of appropriate freedom is like a pet dog's. It has no place for picket fences, leashes, or other limitations.

But things can't be like that. If the publishing business runs wild, limitations on press reporting will have to be spelled out in legislation. When they are, that legislation will not represent reaction. It will represent enlightened and democratic progress, a subordination of the press to the common interests of the community.

Two principles cover the question. These principles must be verified either through voluntary practice or through legislative mandate.

One principle is that government is the servant and the people are the boss. The people, therefore, are entitled to know about all official acts performed by their government. A limitation on this right is the government's discretion to withhold information which might harm the public if revealed. Just as a man might not want the maid to announce before the children that the new case of Bourbon was delivered and has been stashed away in the cellar.

The other principle is that the good of the press is subordinate to the good of the community. Any constitution which would leave the press entirely free to publish what is harmful to the public is a bad constitution. Any interpretation of our Constitution which permits such a thing is a bad interpretation.

The mere fact that the President wants to keep some information from the press and therefore from the public, does not mean that he is wrong. He can be very right. Provided he honestly believes such releases would be harmful.

On the other hand, in wanting more leeway to report government affairs, the press can be very right. Provided information is being kept from it for some personal or party reason.

Mr. Truman does seem disposed to play his hand a little too close to his vest, where the public is concerned—inclined to forget that the public is his employer, and not merely a machine for voting him into office and paying his bills.

But the press is disposed to publicize things, not out of consideration for the public, but out of consideration for itself. It hates to forego the use of copy which will interest, even though it may actually injure, the community.

In September, when a Czech train was captured by refugee passengers and driven right through the iron curtain into Western Germany, naturally the fugitives were pretty shy of news cameras. They had left relatives behind and wanted to protect them. But that didn't stop the press. The escapees were pursued by cameramen and their pictures were published. Which leads one to wonder how many lives—other people's—the press is willing to sacrifice for its own freedom?

When the press stands up for its own freedom, that is a sample of what it can mean.

All right to give the press enough freedom to serve the public. That is the purpose of the constitutional guarantee. But to give it all the freedom it wants . . . better not. That is too much freedom for any private enterprise.

We have all at one time or another sung our own version of "Sound Off" when we have read of some executives' lush salaries and bonuses. We were glad to read old Dan Tobin sounding off in a recent issue of the *International Teamster* about a fact that's new to us but must be so, or nearly so.

The Salaries of Union Leaders

Said Dan: "I have been reading in the papers recently of large increases in salaries made and accepted by several labor officials. I wonder where we are going. Some years ago we condemned large corporations for starving their workers and giving their chief executives enormous salaries, which salaries were taken, and I might say stolen, from the blood and sweat of the toilers in their employment. When I read about labor men getting \$100,000 a year, I am just wondering if the men of labor are not losing their self-respect. I know that when salaries are raised up to anything like \$100,000 a year for the President of an International Union that it is a mark or a token of appreciation by the membership for the service he has rendered. However, no labor man that I know of, including this writer, can decently spend anything like \$100,000 a year. . . .

"I believe in decent salaries, commensurate with the obligation that labor officials have to undergo and fulfill, but I don't believe that we need \$100,000 a year salary and unlimited expenses for the services we render."

Neither does anybody else.

A bitter sort of anniversary is this for us to note, and bitter could be the comment on it. On November 9, 1950, the United Nations received official notification from its commander in the field in Korea of the fact of a new aggressor, Red China. From Manchuria had come a massive Chinese intervention which rocked the

United Nations' forces back on their heels. It was this decisive intervention that snatched victory away from us in Korea, eventually brought MacArthur home shorn of his command, and forced the Marine Corps last month to send a new type of winter boot for men who have little hope of getting home even this Christmas.

Month after month now, about all that has come out of Korea in the line of news has been the slug-fest for Heartbreak Ridge and the ridiculous see-saw talk-fest about a cease fire that by now has just about sputtered out.

In the meantime, the United Nations seems awfully silent, seems awfully unconcerned.

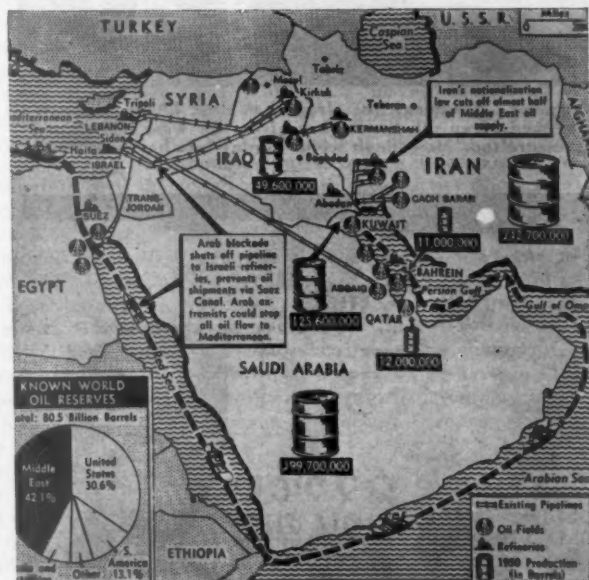
It was last December 14 that the UN first put forth the idea of a cease fire, frightened as it was almost out of its wits by the entry of Red China into the battle. It set up a three-man truce committee made up of representatives of India, Iran, and Canada to ask Red China to stop. Two days before last Christmas, the Red Chinese sent a flat no by way of Season's Greetings.

Came the year 1951, and on January 3 the committee that sought the truce officially reported its failure to the UN. Then came the sad spectacle of the United Nations' wheedling with the Commies of China. On January 13 the General Assembly voted, 50 to 7, to take up the question of Formosa and the admission of Red China to the United Nations if only Red China would agree to a cease fire. On January 17, the Chinese spokesmen said no, in spite of the bribery.

That same day, the United States introduced a resolution



Map shows famous "Mig Alley" where Soviet-made jets do battle with our fighters. Reds fly across the Yalu from their protected bases to fire on our men. It is about time we ceased giving this great advantage to our enemies.



With Iran's oil output cut off, the rich Persian Gulf area is booming. But as the map shows, these fields can be easily sabotaged in time of war. The Middle East problem is delicate. Understanding and not threats will settle it.



In Hungary, Reds tear down the beautiful Church, Mary Queen of Heaven, to build a square to Stalin. A symbol of what is happening in that great Catholic nation.



Premier Mossadegh of Iran has his blood pressure checked. Iran oil dispute has given the West high blood pressure too. Mossadegh seems to play into hands of Reds.



Though no ad for Gillette, this poster of a smiling gent sells beer in Japan. It is a jolting change from the ever-present pretty girl who is used to sell everything here.

to stop the nonsense, call a spade a spade, name the Chinese Reds as aggressors in Korea. This the General Assembly did on February 1. (Vote: 44 to 7, with 9 abstentions.)

And then, although it was scarcely the seventh day, the United Nations rested.

It is true, of course, haphazard action of sorts has gone on intermittently since. Reluctantly almost, and certainly belatedly, the General Assembly passed a resolution asking an embargo on sending arms and strategic materials to Red China. This was May 18. A flurry of pacifism broke forth when Russia's Jacob Malik voiced a hint for a truce in the Korean war on June 23. After all, June 25 was the first anniversary of the war. On July 10 the Kaesong truce talks began.

And now it is November again.

American casualties alone are about 90,000 men.

And still the United Nations rests on the East River's banks.

Either the resolution of February 1 condemning Red China as an aggressor means something, or it doesn't. If China is an aggressor, as the United Nations has said it is, then it should be treated as any other aggressor, as the North Korean aggressor is being treated. Never in the history of warfare has there been such an anomaly as this: almost all the nations of the world at war officially with one nation for over nine months now, and that nation's land and war supplies and reserve armies are left rigidly untouched.

Unless warfare in Korea is to become a habitual mode of United Nations life, the UN ought to be jolted into decisive action. Now. After all, nine months is too long to wait between the naming of an aggressor and dealing with him.

When Christ began His Church, He had to start with laymen. The Church He founded still depends on laymen—not only are popes, bishops, and priests all drawn from the laity, but the great nonsacramental aspects of the Church's life have to be carried on by its lay members. It is not too much to say that if the world

Wanted: Lay Apostles

is ever to be won to Christ, the bulk of the work must be done by Catholic laymen. If the truth of this fact were to be understood adequately, the zeal of Communists and the dedicated doorbell-pushing of Jehovah's Witnesses would be minor spectacles compared to the blazing charity of Catholics going up and down the world literally loving their neighbors into loving God. The fire Christ came to cast on earth would indeed be kindled.

But that day of conflagration is far away unless Catholic lay action for Christ becomes the personal concern of each individual. In bringing that day nearer, tremendous importance belongs to such conferences as the World Congress of the Lay Apostolate, which took place in Rome October 7 to 14, and the National Congress of the Fraternity of Christian Doctrine to be held in Chicago under the auspices of Samuel Cardinal Stritch November 7 to 11.

As Canon Cardijn, founder of the Young Christian Workers' movement, has said: "The lay apostolate is not a stunt, nor is there anything arbitrary or accidental about it; it is not a question of mere taste or fancy; it is not brought about by political, economic, or historical circumstances; it is not the reply of the hour to errors, attacks, or dangers; it is the very content and fulfilment of the Incarnation and Redemption that embrace, demand, and develop the lay apostolate."

There it is. If the nailed body of Christ on Calvary is to save the world, then Catholic men and women have to be His hands and His feet and His voice and His heart, doing His deeds, walking His ways, speaking His words, loving His world.

The key to peace in Europe is not Russia; it's Germany. The key to a united Europe is not Britain; it's Germany. The key to a reborn Christendom is not France; again, it's Germany. Because Germany is the key, many questions arise. To get answers to some of these, **THE SIGN** correspondent, Leonard Schweitzer, went to Bonn to interview the man who knows, Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of the West German Federal Republic. The interview follows.

Germany: a Christian Democracy

AN INTERVIEW WITH CHANCELLOR ADENAUER

by **LEONARD J. SCHWEITZER**

Question: Dr. Adenauer, what are the underlying principles of Christian Democracy on which the social, economic, and political program of your party is based?

Answer: The underlying principles of a Christian Democracy as the CDU, the Christian-Democratic Party of Germany, is trying to establish it, are based on the Christian concept of man. This concept takes for granted man's right to freedom and protection and to the development of his personality in all spheres of private and public life. It is the driving power behind the establishment of a social order which does not neglect the individual, but instead preserves his dignity and creates a wide margin for his growth. Man must not fall victim either to technical advances and labor unions or to the tyrannical desire for unlimited profit. In political life, too, genuine democracy can be attained only if we take the individual as the starting point. Since according to Christian concepts man is also part of the community, this imposes on him duties and responsibilities for the social, economic, and political welfare of the community. Marriage and the family are the cornerstones of any community life, and their protection, cultivation, and healthy development are of basic concern to Christian-Democratic policy. In addition, the Church and the parochial schools are vital, creative forces in any community of peoples whose rights and privileges must also be preserved for the sake of man's inner growth within the community.

That is why the CDU believes that

parents have the first claim on their children's education and why it wants to leave to them the decision as to their children's schooling. For Germany that means that the parochial school, in which parents, Church, and teachers join in a common effort on the basis of their beliefs, has remained predominant.

Question: Your government has now been in power for some time. Does your experience indicate that it is possible to conduct the day-to-day business of a coalition government without compromising or jeopardizing your party's Christian-Democratic principles?

Answer: Yes. True compromise is the expression of a good democratic policy as well as of good policy of any sort. It does not mean sacrificing and jeopardizing convictions and principles—indeed, it is based on them. Experience gives confirmation that the affairs of a coalition government can be conducted without compromising and jeopardizing Christian-Democratic principles. In the interest of the practical problems of government that have to be solved, it matters most that the greatest possible harmony and fruitful collaboration is attained. Toward this end it is almost axiomatic that each coalition partner starts out from the very principles in which he believes.

Question: Do you find, Dr. Adenauer, that the political principles of Christian Democracy help to bridge the differences

between the nations of Western Europe? I ask this especially in view of the fact that Christian-Democratic parties are represented in most of the other governments of Western Europe.

Answer: The political principles of Christian Democracy are eminently suited—indeed, their innate character makes them especially so—to bridge the differences between the nations of Western Europe. This is due to the fact that the Christian-Democratic parties, which are represented in most European governments, have the same principles and goals, and this makes understanding easier. The Christian-Democratic parties are especially fitted for this work since Western Europe is based on Christian traditions; thus parties who respect these traditions and are striving to make them fruitful once more in line with the demands of our times, serve as a guarantee for the inner renaissance of Western Europe. Their very principles predestine them to win the collaboration and understanding of even those forces in Western Europe which have an ideologically different orientation, but which also aim at renewed European integration.

Question: I have heard it said that Communism's greatest attraction is that it offers its followers a false but soul-satisfying ideology. Do you think there is a possibility that the Western democracies can counter the Communist peril by developing and presenting a counter-ideology based on the age-old values and principles of Christendom?

Answer: It is my conviction that Communism—and today that means Russian Bolshevism—can be defeated decisively and for good only by Christendom. The mere fact that Christendom considers the integrity of the individual, the personality in its human-divine destiny, as the foundation stone of its divine message of Redemption, makes it the natural counterpart of the antihuman absoluteness of the state and of economic life in the Bolshevik sense and in that of any type of Socialistic collectivism.

Since, as I said before, the carriers and champions of Christian Democracy make Christendom the starting point and basis of their political, social, and economic efforts, it is they, above all, who offer Western democracies the possibility of countering the Communist peril. In this connection, I want to emphasize the international collaboration between the Christian-Democratic parties. However, supreme efforts are necessary in order to enable Christendom effectively to shape and transform the social and political order. These efforts probably offer the best counter-ideology to that of the Communists.

Question: Do you have a working blueprint of such a counter-ideological reply to Bolshevism's misleading propaganda?

Answer: The policy of the Christian-Democratic party is being supported by that part of the press that shares its ideas, by diversified political writings in the shape of pamphlets, leaflets, weekly publications, and magazines which represent and spread its ideology. These writings are particularly popular among youth and among labor. Church publications as well, most of them widely disseminated organs of church organizations, deal with the practical application of Christian ideas on political and social questions in the sphere of public life. The CDU in Germany has worked out its own social program which is popularly known as the Ahlen Program.

Question: There exists today, as we all know, a Communist International dedicated to the spreading of Bolshevik principles but in reality functioning as a Soviet fifth column. What do you think are the possibilities for building a Chris-

tian Democratic International dedicated to the dissemination of Christian political, social, and economic principles?

Answer: As early as 1948 leaders of the MRP, the French Christian-Democratic party, founded the *Nouvelles Equipes Internationales*, an organization of Christian-Democratic political leaders in Europe. This organization held its first big congress, in which leading German-Christian politicians participated, early in 1948, in Luxembourg. Another congress took place in The Hague in September of the same year. Other meetings are planned. The *Nouvelles Equipes Internationales* has strengthened the solidarity of the Christian-Democratic forces throughout Eu-

rope and offers the opportunity to intensify the entire Christian front in Europe against Communism. Today it already represents a Christian-Democratic International, a Christian counter-organization to the Cominform. The young members of the Christian-Democratic parties, at their third annual congress in Constance in 1950 also de-

cided to collaborate on a European scale by setting up a "European Information Center" with headquarters in Rome, and by establishing several permanent bodies for co-ordinating the work of the party. Church organizations like workers', journeymen's and business groups, and youth organizations—the largest there are in Germany—have also directed their activities toward co-ordination with their sister organizations in all other European countries.

Question: If such an organization can be built, what program can it offer to the people of the world on which all the Christian-Democratic political parties of Western Europe can agree?

Answer: The program of this growing international organization is determined by the basic principles of Christian Democracy as I have roughly outlined them to you.

Question: Since experience has shown that Western Christian civilization is in danger, unless its various branches can unite against the common foe, do you agree that eventually a united Europe must be created?

Answer: We not only agree with the creation of a united Europe, we regard it as an urgent need and are seeking to bring it about as quickly and all-inclusively as possible, since, as you rightly state, Western Christian civilization is in danger, and since this danger can be banished and overcome only by combined efforts.

Question: Do you visualize the creation of a united Europe via the political approach, a deliberate attempt to establish a single government where a dozen now exist—or via the slower, more gradual means of what has been called the functional approach, that is, through such instruments of co-operation as the Schuman Plan and a European Army?

Answer: Unfortunately, the obstacles in the way of a united Europe are still considerable. That is why the more gradual development is the better means at this time. Once European integration has been attained in some important field—in that of coal and iron, for example—through the Schuman Plan, or through a European Army, we

Adenauer

Victory came in 1945. And the West had nervous dreams... If Germany has made strides toward respectability among nations beyond the dreams of the Western world in 1945, the credit belongs largely to one man. This man, Konrad Adenauer, is head and shoulders above any other political figure in Germany today. His has been the job of bringing a beaten nation back into the mainstream of European history and Christian civilization. He seems to have done the job uncommonly well. Before the Hitler nightmare, Dr. Adenauer was a small-town lawyer, for sixteen years the Mayor of Cologne until he was ousted by the Nazis in 1933, and an able member of the Catholic Center Party. After the years of Nazi oblivion, it was this aging man—he's now seventy-five—who emerged as the leader of the Christian Democratic Union. When he was made Chancellor of the West German Republic and he set up his federal government in Bonn, Western politicians kept their fingers crossed: Could this old, unglamorous, undemagogic, ascetical-looking victim of the Gestapo be the man to bring good out of the evil ruins of the Nazi state?



He could be and he was.

In spite of Allied vacillations in policy, in spite of a divided Germany and an ever-threatening Russia, in spite of the powerful Socialist Party led by the dynamic, one-armed, one-legged Kurt Schumacher, and in spite of enough other things to make an average politician throw in the sponge, Dr. Adenauer has doggedly tried to carry out his pledge: "I want to see a united Europe. Only then can my country be free." And he added: "To do that, we need the help of the best Europeans of all—the Americans."

rope and offers the opportunity to intensify the entire Christian front in Europe against Communism. Today it already represents a Christian-Democratic International, a Christian counter-organization to the Cominform. The young members of the Christian-Democratic parties, at their third annual congress in Constance in 1950 also de-

have good reason to hope that agreement in other fields will soon result. One thing is bound to lead to another. That is why the Schuman Plan is so decisive: it is the first major step toward a united Europe.

Question: There are about thirty million Catholics in the United States, Dr. Adenauer, and additional millions in Canada, Mexico, South and Central America. All of these are vitally concerned with the establishment of peaceful co-operation among the peoples of the world, according to the immutable principles laid down by Jesus Christ two thousand years ago and defended by the Church ever since. These people look

to you, as head of a great Christian nation and as leader of a powerful Christian political party, to be one of the guides to the establishment of these principles throughout Europe and the world. Have you a call to duty for them?

Answer: As the head of the CDU, the Christian-Democratic Union in Germany, I am continuously aware of the fact that all those who, from a sense of Christian responsibility, are concerned about the welfare of their peoples, and who are struggling for peace in a world so dangerously imperiled by Bolshevism, must help and support one another. Germany is but a small part of the globe, yet a decisive one just the same, where the immediate fate of the world

is being decided—namely, whether freedom and humanity will remain the ideals and values by which men and nations live together in harmony, or whether the civilization based on Christendom will go under amidst the barbarism of terror and the disregard of the individual. Thus I should like to take this opportunity to appeal to the solidarity of all Christians to help Germany in its life-and-death struggle with Communism, for it is at the same time a struggle for the preservation of Christendom and its beneficial influence on all phases of life. Please consider this appeal as a contribution to the struggle to which the entire Western world is being summoned, so that the Cross of Christ may shine forth triumphantly.

Adenauer at his home in Bonn with daughter Elizabeth and son George



Photos: Acme & European



Above: Leader of the Social Democrats, the fiery Kurt Schumacher

Below: In 1949 the police had to clear the street for the arrival of the Senate—its first meeting since 1933





New first Captain of the Corps, G. D. Carpenter, of New Mexico, and J. M. Peterson, of Ohio

From Civilian to Cadet

At West Point, the cadet is not educated to be just a professional soldier or engineer, but is given a well-rounded education in leadership

• Since it was opened in 1802 by Major Jonathan Williams as an engineering school, the United States Military Academy at West Point has undergone a great many changes. Today's graduate is more than an engineer—even more than just a professional soldier. He is a young man as well versed in the humanities of cultivated living as he is in the fierce aspects of waging war.

Since the end of the Second World War, the Point has established a new department of leadership. Of the approximately three thousand hours each cadet spends in study and recitation during his four years, roughly 40 per cent are devoted to social-humanistic studies. (Cadets take an additional two thousand hours of military training in the summer months.)

Contemporary problems of international relations

are thoroughly studied. In 1947, "Operation Statesman" was inaugurated to impart a knowledge of international relations. In brief, things are much more complicated than they were in 1802. Besides a second language, the cadets must learn all about the atom!

Like all human institutions, abuses creep in at times—even at West Point. All are familiar with the recent dismissals of ninety cadets for the violation of the honor code. However, it must be remembered that the number of offenders was comparatively small, and the greater number of cadets had no sympathy for those who broke the rules. The recent check-up will prompt the cadets to even greater vigilance in protecting their precious military heritage.



Above. Cadets are required to have their hair cut once a week. All cutting is done by professional barbers.



Top. In the senior year, cadets study a course in ordnance. The cadet above points to rocket held by instructor.



Center. Cadet Carpenter prepares for his daily recitation. The daily grade was introduced in 1817 by Col. Thayer.

Bottom. Cadet Carpenter and his roommates shine up their shakos. Inspection is held every Saturday after class.

A Sign Picture Article

From Civilian to Cadet

A Sign Picture Article



Seniors study military strategy. The battle explained above is from Polish and German campaign.



La Crosse instruction above. The curriculum includes all kinds of sports.



Instructor watches as the cadets sweat out a gruelling examination.



The chart at left indicates whereabouts of each cadet at all times.



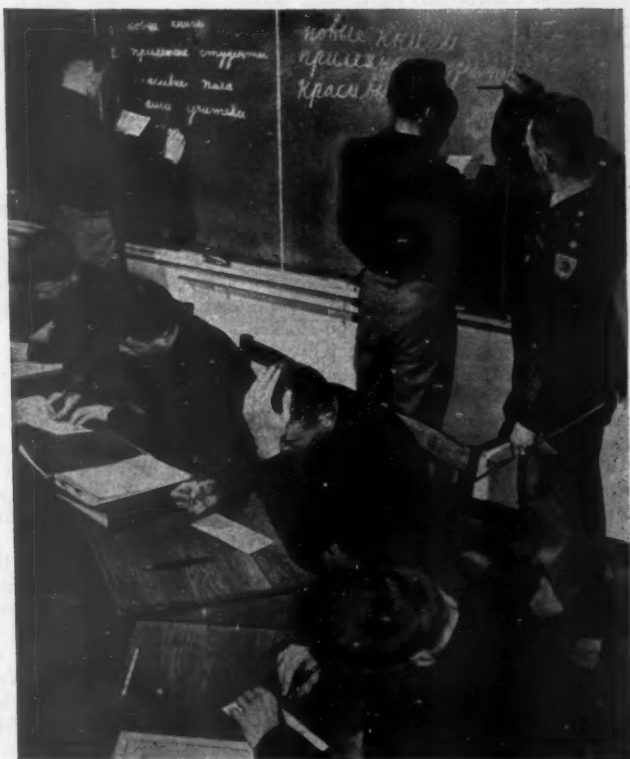
Before breakfast the cadet must clean his room according to the Army manual.



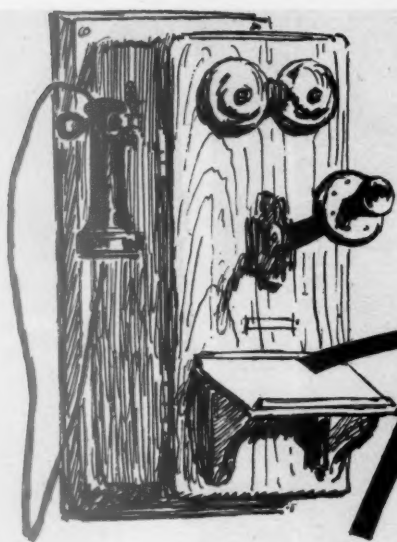
Catholic Chaplain, Father Moore, and our cadet. Cadets are required to attend Mass or church.



All 2400 cadets eat together. They are seated at ten-man tables, family style.



There are only fifteen cadets to a classroom. The group above studies the Russian language.



The friendly town offered Catharine Wayne a new beginning. But in her despair she shut out all that could help to fill the emptiness of her heart and home

Renascence

by MAXINE WOOD

WHEN Catharine Wayne awoke, the friendly Vermont hills were ablaze with the colors of a winter sunrise. She stared at them unseeing, feeling only the cold deathly stillness of her house. It called her to the duties of another day.

Chores. Chores only for herself. Soon all the unknown women in the other houses along the single village street—women lying young and warm beside their husbands, old women snugly wrapped in the voices of their children and children's children—would be making egg coffee and corn muffins on the kitchen range.

Mechanically, she reached for the warm robe at the foot of her bed, wrapped it around her slender body, and went to the cellar to fetch her wood. She saw the empty shelves along the wall, shelves that should be stocked with peach jam and currant jelly, jars of shell beans, piles of winter squash and McIntosh apples. But Catharine gave the shelves not a thought, for their emptiness was kin to her own.

After breakfast she walked across the street to the general store to buy cigarettes and a few groceries. Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, gave her a good-morning and so did Mrs. Moore and Hilda Thomas.

She knew their names, for dressed in their Sunday best they had called on her three days after she arrived in Gentle Creek to occupy the white frame house she had bought unseen from a real estate agent. She had stood on her porch and exchanged a few words with them, not inviting them in or apologizing for not doing so.

Since then, theirs was always a formal greeting in which there was neither friendliness nor hostility. That's the way she wanted it. But she knew by the quizzical and veiled looks in her neighbors' eyes that they wondered why she had come to live among them.

Yet they did not pry into her business and she was grateful for that. They accepted the pattern of courteous restraint she had established with them, only varying "Good morning," or "Good evening," with an occasional "Nice day," or "Nasty weather we're having."

She wasn't hungry when the clock told her it was time for lunch, but she made herself set the table and eat a bite. While she was washing up the single plate, knife and fork, cup and saucer, she wondered if the day would never end. Life could be over so quickly—like her husband's and son's life, snuffed out by the blinding glare of headlights of a drunken driver. A crash and scream in the night.

Oh, why hadn't she gone with Tom and Bud to close up their summer cottage that day? Why hadn't they all died together? Why must she spend the rest of her days in a living death?

She heard the phone ring but paid no heed to it. A phone was a useless, annoying thing to have around when there was never anyone to call. But it was there when she had bought the house and she had said indifferently when the telephone man came to inquire, "Let it stay." Tomorrow, she decided, she'd have it taken out. It was a party line.

A long and short? No, today the operator was ringing three longs. Her signal. But surely there must be some mistake.

"Long distance, Mrs. Wayne," the operator said when at last Catharine picked up the phone.

"Mrs. Wayne?" a very timid voice asked. "It's Miss Davis, Mrs. Wayne. I couldn't resist calling because of the day."

"The day?" Catharine repeated.

"Your birthday, Mrs. Wayne. I could never forget your birthday. Your husband always made such a fuss over it. He'd warn me weeks ahead never to make any appointment for him on the afternoon of December 12th. He always left early, his arms full of presents . . . I hope you don't mind my calling—"

"Not at all," said Catharine, still trembling from the shock of forced remembering. She tried to keep her voice calm, steady. "It was very sweet of you."

"How are you, Mrs. Wayne?"

"Fine, Miss Davis, just fine."

"I'm so glad to hear that," sighed Miss Davis. "You've been through so much and you were so brave. To lose both your son and Mr. Wayne in that horrible accident and to keep right on doing everything that had to be done, not crying once. But it just doesn't seem right, your going off by yourself."

"San Francisco is too full of memories, Miss Davis. I have to build a new life, to make new friends."

"Friends? You've made new friends? That's good news, very good news," said Miss Davis happily. "I hope you'll be with them today."

"You mustn't worry about me, Miss Davis. I'm quite all right." It was too painful, too futile, to recall the past. Catharine ended the conversation abruptly, "Good-by, my dear."

Yet, somehow the rest of the day seemed shorter after that call. Miss

MAXINE WOOD, author and playwright, has published short stories in *Seventeen*, *Story Digest*, *the American*, and other publications.



She knew they wondered why she had come to live among them

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

Davis, whom Tom always called the perfect secretary, was remembering not only her, but Tom and Bud too. For a moment there was a slender thread tying her and hers again to life.

As the mountains purpled in the sunset glow, Catharine sat at her kitchen table sipping her dinner coffee, slowly, to make it last till it was dark enough to light the lamp. In a way she had told Miss Davis the truth. She had made friends with the mountains and loneliness—safe friends, free from the dangers that love brings.

So it was that the sudden knock on the door was an unwelcome intrusion.

At first she saw only Mr. Jones, the spare storekeeper. Then dark against the snow, she saw the others—two more

men and six women standing crowded on her little porch, each with a package in his hand.

"Happy birthday, Mrs. Wayne," said Mr. Jones shyly. Before she could gasp an answer he walked in, the others trailing behind him.

"I reckon it's about the 26th, isn't it?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"Twenty-eighth," said Catharine. "But how did you know?"

"Party line," interrupted Mrs. Moore, plumping down her contribution—a jar of her best raspberry and currant jam. "I listened in. I always do."

"Oh," Catharine looked at their kind plain faces whipped to a rosy red by the stinging cold of the December night. "It's not that I mind your knowing

about me, but you have your own lives to live, and I—I— There's nothing anyone can say that can help."

"They can act. Be neighbors, 'stead of strangers," said Hilda Thomas, opening the cellar door.

Down they tramped, each with a jar of jelly or shell beans or jam to place on the empty shelves. Old Mr. Perkins piled the corner with McIntosh apples, young Mr. Elsworth added a dark green summer squash.

"It's a beginning, anyway," said Mr. Jones hopefully.

"Yes," said Catharine softly, "a beginning." And the tears which she had held back these many months welled up in her eyes. Unashamedly she let them roll down her cheeks.



Experts with a plow, these Thracian farmers now learn the intricacies of a modern machine gun and its bullets.



A shepherd with a rifle. The enemies of his flocks are Markos' Communist wolves.



Greek Minutemen

Though referred to as "border incidents," the battles on the Greek-Bulgarian border are more ruthless than those of major campaigns

• The Greek Civil War, which was featured so prominently in our newspapers a few years back, has definitely subsided as a large-scale operation, but on the Greek-Bulgarian border it is continuing with equal intensity. The Red General Markos and his Greek Communist forces are making almost nightly visits across the border. These rebels, still rankling under their defeat and expulsion, are persecuting their own countrymen with cruel and savage blows.

The Greek farmers along the border are forced to leave their wooden plows twice daily to take up modern machine guns and rifles to fend off these marauding Communist rebels. These rebels sabotage their former neighbors' farms, steal their cattle,



Most farms have stone bunkers as above. When the enemy is about to attack, the farmer and his family seek protection in them.



The Minutemen watch the main arteries and bridges, as the Markos' rebels are always trying to destroy them.



At Mikron Darion, children play near the ruins of a school. The Red rebels burned it shortly before.

burn their grain, and even kidnap their children. If one of the neighbors happens to be strongly anti-Communist, they machine-gun the entire family.

Too long regarded as slaves of peace, these northern Greek farmers have finally decided to fight fire with fire. Though independent of the regular army, they have copied army discipline and remind one of the famous minutemen of American history. As one of the farmers said: "We have suffered a long time because we went about our work peaceably. The Communist rebels took advantage of us, thinking that we would make good slaves. But now we want to remain free, and the only way we can do that is to carry a rifle."



The Minutemen of Mani leave the farms for rifle drill.



A five-man patrol of Minutemen moves across the fields to check up on a shrouded shepherd below who looks suspicious.



The Reds killed her entire family.

The Boom in Diplomacy

WASHINGTON'S taxi drivers used to pride themselves on their ability to drive a fare to any embassy or legation in the Capital without having to ask for the street address. But that day is past.

"Fares used to say, 'Take me to the British, the French, or the Brazilian Embassy,' and I knew where those embassies were," a taxi driver explained. "Today they spring countries on me that I never heard of—Cambodia and places like that."

"Where is Cambodia?" he asked skeptically, as though that newest addition to the community of nations was all of a piece with the fictional kingdoms of Graustark and Ruritania.

The taxi driver is not alone in his confusion. Veteran Senators, threading their way through the throngs at diplomatic receptions, are bewildered by the new faces, the unpronounceable names, the strange native costumes — particularly the Oriental sari and the nose jewels of the Oriental women. In the fumbling efforts at orientation, mirth-provoking howlers are committed. Still going the rounds is the story about the Midwest Congressman who, trying to make conversation with an attractive, dark-skinned woman wearing a hand-woven, silk sari, asked what her nationality was, and when she replied, "Indian," remarked proudly, "I'm part Cherokee, myself."

Not so many years ago any guest at a diplomatic party with an ear for French, German, Italian, or Spanish, could make a fairly accurate stab at the name of most of the diplomats he would be likely to encounter. But today, when he is presented to Sir Ali Sastroamidjojo, Ambassador from the Republic of Indonesia, he acknowledges the introduction with an embarrassed mumble. Yet, among the newcomers, Sir Ali's surname is relatively manageable. It is simplicity itself compared with Sayed Abdurahman Ibn Abdussamed Abu-Taleb, chargé d'affaires of the new State of Yemen, or Major General Sridhar Shum Shere Jung Badahar Rana, military attaché of the Nepal Legation, or His Royal Highness Prince Wan Waithayakon, Ambassador from Thailand.

With characteristic frankness most



The brilliant Minister from Lebanon, Dr. Charles Malik



From Ceylon Ambassador G.C.S. Corea

American guests acknowledge their inability to cope with Oriental names with a confession in avoidance. The diplomatic newcomers, who manage somehow to catch on the wing the names of such American lawmakers as Taft, Lodge, O'Mahoney, Chavez, and Lesinski, smile indulgently at the fractured pronunciation of their own names. The Indonesian Ambassador, for example, puts apologetic Americans at ease with the suggestion, "Just call me Ali."

Considering the previous lack of contact between the United States and many of the countries now diplomatically represented in Washington, social intercourse between Americans and the diplomats from far away places does not present the difficulties that might be expected. This is due entirely to the facility of the foreigners in the English language. Americans, who, for the most part, disdain to learn any foreign lingo, are delighted to discover that almost any diplomat they meet, no matter how strange his native tongue may be, is able to converse in English, often faultless English. Even the scornful Russians, the least accomplished linguists in the diplomatic set, contrive after they have been here a while to master a heavily accented smattering of the American tongue.

This new cosmopolitanism, which the Capital finds so exciting, is the end product of a great historical movement which began with the revolt of the

American colonies but attained its greatest momentum in the last half century. To historians this is known as the self-determination of peoples or the growth of nationalism. The chief events which gave it impetus were the two world wars, each of which brought the downfall of empires and the emergence of new independent states.

As the new governments started to function, Washington assumed a primary importance among the chancelleries throughout the world. Once detested by diplomats of the older and more cultured nations as a raw, provincial capital, with a disagreeable climate, the sprawling city on the Potomac became the nerve center of global diplomacy. Today it houses more diplomatic missions than London or Paris and is enlivened by the largest diplomatic colony ever assembled in any capital city.

The State Department's blue book, entitled *The Diplomatic List*—an indispensable trade tool for hostesses, real estate agents, and dealers in Cadillac cars — lists seventy-five diplomatic missions, almost twice as many as were listed in 1900. The number may soon be increased to seventy-eight, for Japan will re-establish its mission with an ambassador, three ministers, and a staff of thirty; West Germany, although not yet accorded recognition as a state, will send an official mission; and Bulgaria, with which relations have been severed,

Before the World Wars, Washington was considered a provincial capital, whose embassies were known to every taxi driver. Now there are so many, the cabbies aren't so sure

by **JOHN C. O'BRIEN**



Nong Kimny, first Minister from Cambodia to the U. S.



Harris & Ewing photos



From Nepal — Gen. Shanker Shum Shere Jung Bahadur Rana

A familiar face—Madame V. Lakshmi Pandit of India

may grow tired of her isolation behind Moscow's iron curtain.

The oldest and most enduring of this country's diplomatic ties is that with France. Even before American independence had been attained, in 1778, France sent a minister to the Continental Congress then conducting the war against England. In the next twenty years the other European countries, which controlled the major portion of the Occidental world at that time, took notice of the parvenue in the New World. By the time Madison, the fourth president, was installed in the White House, legations had been established by the Netherlands, Great Britain, Sweden, Spain, the Kingdom of Prussia, Portugal, Denmark, and Russia.

A little more than a decade later the fever of independence reached revolutionary pitch in the other half of the western hemisphere. One by one the colonies of Spain and Portugal below the Rio Grande threw off the yoke of their mother countries and set up their own governments. This upheaval brought to Washington the vanguard of the Latin American envoys who today form the largest group in the diplomatic colony speaking a common language.

But the major influx of new foreign plenipotentiaries came at the end of the first and the second world wars. The dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian empire, decreed by the treaty makers at

the end of the first war, cast up the new states of Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and the Republic of Austria, a mere shadow of the once proud and powerful nation. Poland, Finland, and the Baltic states — Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania — cut loose from Russia, with the blessing of Lenin, the leader of the Bolshevik government, who renounced claim to these territories. In 1940, however, Lenin's successors in the Kremlin reversed this heretical decision by reabsorbing the three Baltic countries. Nevertheless, the United States refused to recognize the occupation and the three suppressed republics still maintain legations in Washington.

ALTHOUGH few were capable of reading the signs at the Treaty of Versailles, the sun of empire had already begun to set. The fires of discontent were smoldering beneath the flags of Britain, Holland, and France in the outlying dependencies. Peoples everywhere were longing for Woodrow Wilson's new freedom. The Second World War brought the opportunity they had been seeking. Winston Churchill may not have become His Majesty's first minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire; the Dutch and French governments may have been equally determined to hold on to their rich colonial possessions. But the war left them too weak to withstand the tide of nationalism, openly abetted

by the government of the United States.

In the decade beginning in 1941, colonialism in the East collapsed and new nations flung new banners against the skies — India, Burma, Ceylon, Indonesia, Pakistan, Cambodia, Nepal, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and Israel. In 1946, almost the last vestige of foreign domination was erased from the Pacific; the United States fulfilled its promise to give independence to the Philippines.

The mighty British Embassy now speaks only for England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. Several years earlier, before the collapse in the East, Whitehall had recognized the Republic of Ireland and given Canada, the Union of Africa, Australia, and New Zealand the right to conduct their own foreign affairs.

As the diplomatic missions multiplied, so did their staffs. In the placid years before Communism assumed its aggressive pose, even the major powers were able to conduct their affairs with relatively small missions — a minister and three or four secretaries. But today the relations of foreign governments with the United States touch upon so many interests — trade, loans, and mutual defense — that few embassies are able to function without a corps of experts. Only a tiny state like the Duchy of Luxembourg is so blissfully free from diplomatic problems that a minister can perform his duties without assistance. At the other end of the scale,

Great Britain maintains a staff of sixty-eight. Even a small state like Lebanon, with a population little larger than that of metropolitan Washington, maintains a staff of four under its brilliant minister, Dr. Charles Malik.

Half a century ago Washington hostesses counted it a red-letter day when they could snare an ambassador for dinner. And well they might, for it was a social feat of no little distinction because so few envoys at that time held such exalted rank. In 1900, only Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Mexico had raised their missions to the status of embassies; the other countries were represented by Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary or diplomats of lesser rank. Today a hostess, with a well-appointed table and a good wine cellar, has a wide field of ambassadors to choose from. For during the last war, eager to make sure of its friends, the State Department, as a gesture of flattery, raised the rank of its missions without regard to the size or importance of the country, and the foreign governments followed suit — often reluctantly because an embassy is supposed to be maintained in a grander style than a legation. Tiny states like Iceland, Haiti, Panama, El Salvador, Israel, Denmark, and New Zealand were boosted into the top diplomatic tier. Today, fifty-nine of the seventy-five missions are headed by ambassadors.

The diplomatic colony has a greater impact upon Washington than upon other larger capitals because it is centered in a rather compact zone, although there is now Embassy Row, a collective designation of which society editors are fond. Actually most of the older establishments stud Massachusetts Avenue and Sixteenth Street. But many of the newer ones lurk in side streets. Other recent comers for reasons of economy or inability to find a suitable residence conduct their affairs from suites in hotels.

FEW buildings occupied by mission heads were built specifically as embassies. The reason for this is probably that real estate agents have, until recently at least, had long listings of homes of American tycoons, built in the period when the taste of the *nouveau riche* ran to marbled-staired, high-ceilinged, crystal-chandeliered palazzos. As the maid problem became acute and taxes soared, these costly mansions became a headache for the descendants of their owners. Fortunately for them, however, these houses were admirably adapted to the needs of the diplomats who eagerly took them off the market.

The Russians, for example — the sullen representatives of the Red regime,



First and Last

► The paratroopers were aloft for their first jump. Everything went off in perfect order, until the last man came forward to jump.

"Hold it!" shouted his commanding officer. "You're not wearing your parachute!"

"Oh, that's all right, sir," retorted the recruit. "We're just practicing, aren't we?"

—Henry J. Hall

not the suave, courtly, if equally deceptive, envoys of the Czar — dwell magnificently in the gilt and red damasked mansion which was once the home of one of America's foremost capitalists — the founder of the Pullman car company. The French Embassy once housed the family of John Hays Hammond, the engineer. The Chinese ambassador does his entertaining in "Twin Oaks," once the spacious estate of Gardiner Greene Hubbard, first president of the National Geographic Society, father-in-law of Alexander Graham Bell. The Koreans recently acquired the former home of Frank Hogan, celebrated lawyer and orator.

Most impressive, however, of the Washington embassies is the Queen Anne-style tudor manor house, erected by Great Britain in 1931 at a cost of \$1,000,000. A more storied embassy, erected during the short-lived regime of Benito Mussolini, is the Italian, a typical palazzo. Famous palaces in Italy were rifled to provide the embassy's hand-carved doors and beautiful woodwork. The only other embassies specifically built for embassy use are the Dutch-styled home of the Ambassador from the Union of South Africa, Japan, and the modernistic residence of the Ambassador from Venezuela.

Although Washington's cave-dwellers would demur, the diplomatic colony sets the social pace in Washington. A crested invitation to a diplomatic reception is the most coveted piece of pasteboard, aside from an invitation to dinner at the White House, that a mailman can deliver. Few except the highest-ranking government officials, members of important Congressional com-

mittees, other diplomats, and the wealthiest permanent residents ever receive them.

Since the end of the last war, the frequency and lavishness of diplomatic parties have declined. With austerity the rule at home, with most governments knocking at the door of the American treasury for financial aid, envoys are careful to avoid display at their social functions. Large parties are given only on the occasion of national holidays or visits of important dignitaries from home. At these times, the entertainment conforms pretty generally to a standard pattern. The Ambassador, his wife, and one or two important members of the staff, forming a receiving line, wearily shake hands with the hundreds of guests, invariably including a few gate-crashers. The guests move on to the bars and the canapes and then hunt for a familiar face.

The attendance at these functions is often a reliable barometer of the state of relations among the nations. In the early postwar years the annual Russian independence day reception was attended by thousands (more than two thousand by one actual count) including the Secretary of State and other high-placed government officials. In this time of acute tension, only minor State Department functionaries make an appearance. Social functions of other nations behind the iron curtain suffer from a similar boycott, not only by the high echelons of the State Department but by the mission chiefs of the western bloc of nations. A notable achievement in the observance of the amenities, however, is the cordial social relations between Madame Pandit, the Ambassador of India and the first woman to represent a nation in Washington, and the Ambassador of Pakistan. Although the two governments are at loggerheads over the disputed province of Kashmir, their representatives attend one another's social functions and outwardly, at least, get on amicably.

A DIPLOMATIC reception used to give homespun Americans an opportunity to gaze upon resplendent diplomatic uniforms adorned with blazing decorations. But the uniform began to go out after the last war, giving way to the conventional white tie and tails. Seldom does an invitation now read "Decorations." An exception was the French Embassy's invitation to a reception on the occasion of the visit of President Vincent Auriol. This was the first time in several years that the Diplomatic corps turned out in its plumed and emblazoned glory. The times are perilous and diplomacy is serious business — bigger business than it has ever been in Washington.

Radio and TELEVISION

by
DOROTHY KLOCK

Crime A La Carte

What radio and television would have done without crime is a question answerable only in heaven. To the gratification of many—writers, producers, actors, agency people, and sponsors—radio and TV do not have to do without theft, arson, and murder, and so crimes aplenty have been sent galloping over the airways. Fortunately, most of these were not the real thing. They were cooked up in a midnight brew on a beat-up typewriter, resigned to pouring out whatever would keep the pot boiling. Comparatively few were based on actual case histories.

Then along came Mr. Kefauver and his friends. Rather abruptly, the public became aware that none of the synthetic crime they saw and heard about was anywhere near as exciting as the real thing. The general interest in crime took an upward zoom which would have done credit to the highest-paid press agent in the country.

Evidently, nothing succeeds like the truth, so all the networks, in some way or other, climbed aboard the popular-interest bandwagon of crime, organized crime. It was CBS, however, which did the best job. Assigning two dozen staff men to prepare and produce a summertime six-program radio series, the network turned out one of the most shining pieces of public service in radio history. "The Nation's Nightmare," the series was called. It should be rebroadcast seven nights a week for seventy-seven weeks until we have a truly aroused citizenry to stimulate private and public action against organized crime in this country.

The only "repeats" were three one-time rebroadcasts in September of the three most startling programs in the original six. Thus, months of research, on-the-spot tape recordings, interviews with underworld characters and law enforcement officers, and countless hours of editing and evaluating, resulted in a set of brief but dynamic half-hour broadcasts, soon lost in the ether into which they were sent.

Well, blessings anyway on Irving Gitlin who wrote and produced the series and on all who worked with him. And blessings too on CBS which thus put more than a few of your advertising nickels to work in a good cause.

Now CBS has plunged into another program series based on crime as it really happened. *Crime Syndicated* made its debut in mid-September. But the signs are all auspicious, so maybe you had better take a look at the product of your CBS-TV station on Tuesday night at 9 P. M., E.S.T., and see how things are going.

Crime Syndicated is based on case material from the files of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, from Federal law enforcement agencies, and metropolitan anti-crime commissions, as well as on current stories from television and radio news bureaus in various cities.

Its narrator is Rudolph Halley, former chief counsel for the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, who will be long remembered by radio and TV audiences for his razor-sharp questions, delivered in a voice that matched them in cutting quality.

Best news of all, perhaps, is that *Crime Syndicated* is sponsored, which means



Rudolph Halley, narrator on the CBS series, "Crime Syndicated"

that the series will be with us for awhile. What its effect will be is hard to say. The average citizen wallows in a comfortable sea of apathy. He clucks his tongue, rolls his eyes, and does nothing. Granted that he is comparatively powerless alone. But an organized citizenry can do much to combat organized crime, a peacetime enemy more deadly to our national well-being than a stock pile of atom bombs, an enemy that filches hard earned money from patched pockets, that controls our waterfronts and vitiates our forces of law, an enemy that puts narcotics into the hands of our children.

An Item Of Interest

Following a series of meetings held in New York between representatives of the Television Authority, the A.F. of L. Union representing performers in television, and officials of the four television networks, NBC, CBS, ABC, and Dumont, the following statement of policy on expanding opportunities for Negro artists has been announced:

"Negroes take part in every phase of life in our country today, as citizens, as workers, and as the consumers whose buying dollars help pay the costs of television entertainment.

"It is our purpose to secure representation of Negroes on television programs, matching their role in everyday life and providing opportunities for the employment of the many qualified Negro artists among the membership of Television Authority.

"We believe that this is both honest and fair, as well as good business practice, and we are sure that the vast majority of the people in this country will welcome and applaud this policy.

"To this end, we call the attention of writers, producers, and directors to the above statement, and request them to help carry out this purpose, by the employment of Negro specialty acts, by the integration of Negro singers and dancers in chorus groups, by the employment of Negro actors in the many dramatic roles reflecting their participation in everyday life, and by the creation of new program ideas designed to realize the purpose set forth above."

The television industry, too, is trying to put democracy into action.

TV—Some New Items

Red Skelton, one of the last of the comedians to get into the television arena, is now available on your NBC-TV station on Sunday nights at 10 P. M. E.S.T. NBC is using this series to inaugurate a new sales policy which offers sponsors a one-two-or-three-program contract instead of the usual thirteen-or-twenty-six weeks commitment.

A spiritual thought for the month



Death for a Christian

by **WALTER FARRELL, O. P.**

IN the scant decades that measure the march of the modern anti-Christian armies of the men who have made themselves gods, half the world has been drenched with the blood of those who held to the Cross. Ours is the age of martyrs. As in all the lesser persecutions of other centuries, the common Christian bond has stirred the persecutors to murder without regard to distinctions of years.

Unwittingly, the enemies of God have given expression to a profound truth. Their great weapon is death and its fear; yet the thought of death is the nourishing food savored by the Christian from infancy to old age. The figure of the God-man, dead in agony on a Cross, is central in church, school, and home; it adorns the rosary that is in every Christian's pocket or purse, it is carved on heart and head at the beginning and end of every prayer, the Christian sign in which alone a man conquers both himself and the devil. At every Mass, the Christian stands again on Calvary while the high priest offers himself in a mystical death that is Calvary's sacrifice.

No. Death is not a strange or paralyzing thought to the infant or aged Christian; it is familiar, and very dear to the old and young alike, and for the same reasons. The persecutor's mania might well overwhelm men; but not the men of Christ. The club he wields turns into a Cross and guarantees life while inflicting death.

Perhaps it is because of this penetration of the meaning of death that it is the young who die by their own vows in the priesthood and religious life; it is the young who pool their lives for the common life of marriage; it is to the young we look in the face of deadly danger. Indeed, this is all so true that a cowardly youth is a nation's death warrant.

Still, it is the young who most often are unprepared for the death they court so gallantly, for it receives infrequent thought in youth's vigorous thirst for life.

The old do not look at death in a disinterested fashion; it is an imminently personal thing. They can hardly have an objective view of death through the distortions of its personal threat and the losses it promises. If their thought of death is infrequent, this is only by deliberate and violent effort, desperately dodging the inevitable truth.

In the face of death, the old are easily timid, even cowardly; they recover but slowly from the death of their loved ones, but their sympathy is ready and deep for the losses of others. They treasure the hours that trickle from the slowing spring of life.

The Christian's outlook on death paradoxically combines youth and age. Christ died young but faced death with the wise eyes of age; Mary died no longer young but approaching death with the gay truth of youth. The Christian, in common with the young, sees the truth of death's meaning. Life is for death, and death is for unending life: to hoard life in fear of death is to be dead alive; to squirm from death and hug an illusion of indefinitely prolonged life is to die forever.

With the old, he sees it as something of his very own, close, crowded with eternal implications. With them, too, he misses none of the precious significance of each hour, each one so close to the last. The youth of the Christian bars all niggardiness, stinginess, cowardice; the age of the Christian bars all careless extravagance of time.

The Cross is death's constant reminder and life eternal's sure key. To see it, to face it, to love it, a man must be neither young nor old; he must be Christian: old with the eternal wisdom given to babes by the word of God, young with the budding life of grace.

He lives and dies in the image of God: as young and as old as eternity, stepping from hilltop to hilltop with the grace of youth and the wisdom of age in the giant strides of one who dies to share more fully the life of God.

Schlitz Playhouse of Stars, another full-hour dramatic series, made its debut in October. (Friday—CBS-TV—9:00 P. M.—10:00 P. M., E.S.T.) Helen Hayes will be a frequent star in the programs.

The Big Question uses a variety of approaches to analysis of a "big question" facing the world today. Experienced radio correspondent Charles Collingwood is moderator, interviewer, and explainer-in-general. (CBS-TV—Sunday—6:00 P. M.—6:30 P. M., E.S.T.)

American Inventory is a series of "drama-documents," produced by NBC in co-operation with the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation. It presents the facets of freedom as told through the work of real-life people who have had to live without freedom behind the Iron Curtain and who have fought for it there and elsewhere. (Sunday—NBC-TV—1:30 P. M.—2:00 P. M., E.S.T.)

Young Mr. Bobbin is for you if you enjoy traveling down the zany pathways of Henry Aldrich and Corliss Archer. The star is Jackie Kelk whom you knew as Henry's friend, Homer. (NBC-TV—Sunday—7:30 P. M.—8:00 P. M., E.S.T.)

Hollywood Opening Night presents a series of half-hour dramatic films made in Hollywood especially for television, a routine which may ultimately become standard operating procedure for dramatic programs on TV. Perhaps the best feature of these is that at last some of those fine character actors you have seen playing minor parts in movies for years are getting a chance at major roles. (CBS-TV—Friday—10:30 P. M.—11:00 P. M., E.S.T.)

And In The Sports Department

Something new has been added. *Take Another Look*, with Red Barber, brings to football fans all the action and thrills of one of the preceding day's biggest college football games, plus commentary and analysis of the game's inside tactics.

Along with play-by-play movies of a top-notch game played the day before, there are running comments by Barber and Dr. Mal Stevens, former football coach at Yale and New York University. They also use charts and diagrams to explain strategy and other aspects of the contests. From time to time prominent football figures will appear as guests.

Here's the November schedule:

- Nov. 4—Navy vs. Notre Dame
Army vs. Southern California
- Nov. 11—Navy vs. Maryland
- Nov. 18—Navy vs. Columbia
- Nov. 25—Maryland vs. West Virginia (plus the season's highlights)

by ANNE FREMANTLE



TEN YEARS

that revealed some odd facts about Lenin, Trotsky, Bukharin, and all the Russians

Lenin

Trotsky

Bukharin

AS we came in our host apologized. "I'm afraid this is rather a political party," he said. "You see," his wife added in explanation, "tonight we have some Yugoslav editors, some former ministers of state, some diplomats. So they will talk shop. Emigré shop. But we have, too, Ivan Mestrovic, and his brother, Peter. They are not so political."

The great sculptor was holding court at one end of the small, crowded room. Each guest was led up to him, introduced, said his piece, passed on. Ivan looked his part. Spadebearded, stocky, he seemed made of some gray, weathered stone, or of some strong sculptor's wood, oak, or perhaps a seasoned walnut. Clear, contented eyes, that obviously looked both toward and at the sun, and a simple serene manner. It was as if it could not possibly matter whether he spoke or not; he was there, present, indeed a presence; his conversation added little to the communication he made.

His brother Peter could hardly have been more different. Standing guard over Ivan, he was rubicund, jolly, as worldly as his brother was other-worldly. The pair of them illustrated well two Aristotelean sayings: the one, that man is a political animal, the other, that the artist is either a beast or a god, because he is unpolitical. While Ivan spoke slowly, as though speech were somehow tough, to be chiseled, and valuable, a commodity to be treasured, like fuller's

earth or potter's clay, Peter's volubility brought to mind those countries where silence is an unwelcome, indiscreet, and somewhat sinister interruption of talk, an interference with life; countries where gestures are so much a part of speech that to tie the hands is to inhibit the tongue.

Peter had first been jailed by the Nazis. Ivan was then already in America. After Tito came in, Peter, through the influence of friends in high places, was given permission to leave the country to join his brother. But, at the frontier, he and his companions were made to sign a statement saying that, as they had crossed the frontier of their own free will, their country was no longer responsible for their safety. As soon as they had signed, they were quickly jailed. As they were being led to prison, Peter managed to mail a postcard, giving his whereabouts, and explaining more or less, although circumspectly, what had happened to him. Hourly, he thought, he would be killed, and daily it was impressed on him that now he had no Yugoslav existence, that his disappearance could not possibly interest anyone, since his own statement proved he was safely on his way to the U.S.A. Luckily, the receiver of the postcard knew where to turn for help and acted promptly. After three months, Peter found himself free once more, and, this time, seriously crossing the frontier on the way to America.

Now, like all exiles, glass in hand, his mind moves by backward steps. His politics have jelled, are history, and he serves them, deliciously cold, garnished with a kindly nostalgic cream, rather than with the more usual rosemary and rue.

In 1916 he was just seventeen. He was then a slim, ambitious student of engineering. Ivan, a good deal older, was already a sculptor. Born and raised in Dubrovnic, Peter was spending that summer in Lausanne, where he made friends with the Russian consul, a nobleman whose leanings, strangely enough for that era, were not at all Liberal.

Peter and the consul would play chess together; often they dined, and sat up talking until all hours. One evening, drinking their aperitifs at a cafe overlooking the lake, the consul pointed out a group of four men sitting together at a near-by table.

"Those are our exiled Communist leaders," he said. "That Mongolian-looking bald fellow, he's the cleverest of them all—Vladimir Oulitch Oumanoff. His cronies call him Lenin. Would you care to meet him?"

"Don't you fear them? Don't they fear you?" Peter asked, astonished. The consul shrugged his shoulders. "Were they in Russia," he said, "and I also, naturally, I would at once report them, and they would be shot. Or sent to Siberia. But here, we meet on neutral ground. Part of my job is to keep tabs

on them, to hang around haunts where they are apt to foregather, to keep an eye cocked on their various activities. But I prefer to be pleasant about it. After all, we are all Russians. And, away from Russia, we all are to a greater or a less extent, in fact, exiles."

Peter and the consul went up to the Communists' table. They were welcomed, asked to join the four. The consul first presented Peter to Lenin, then to Bukharin. Soon Lenin began, with great frankness, to talk about his plans. During the course of the evening, he turned to Peter, and "mark my words, young man," he prophesied, "within your lifetime, the north Slavs and the south Slavs, indeed all the Slavs, will be reunited; they will be all together within the confines of Russia."

"How," Peter asked, "will you by-pass Hungary? To join the Czech Slavs to the Yugoslavs, you will have to dispose of the wedge between them that is Hungary."

"THERE are only some thirteen million Hungarians," Lenin said, as though he had long ago faced and resolved that particular problem, "and they can be moved. Peter the Great moved vastly greater numbers — and they stayed moved. It should not prove too difficult."

"Certainly, Peter the Great moved greater numbers," conceded Peter, "but he was a single despot. He did not pretend to derive his power from the people. He did not claim to act in the name of the proletarian revolution."

Lenin made no reply. Instead, he asked Peter what were his plans. "I'm going on from here to Paris," Peter said. "I need a further year of study, and shall stay first in France and then, maybe, go on to England."

"When you reach Paris," Lenin said, "go to the Cafe — at the corner of the Boul' Mich and the Rue — and there you will see, every evening from eight o'clock until midnight, a bearded Jew sitting with a negress. Go up to them and tell Trotsky Lenin sent you. Leon is, with Bukharin here, the cleverest man we have. But when the revolution has happened, it will not be easy to work with Trotsky."

"Why?" Peter asked.

"Trotsky is a Jew," Lenin replied.

"What of that?" asked Peter.

"No Jew can truly be a Russian! One can never be entirely sure of a Jew, they cannot be completely trusted."

"Why?" Peter repeated.

"Damned intellectuals. We need them," Lenin explained. "We can't do without them. But they can only make revolutions — they do that well. They can never make governments. They are wonderful revolutionaries, for they have

contacts in all countries; they are complete internationalists. Yet their hearts are in no one place. For all that, they're such rabid nationalists, they'd never do in a country like Russia, which is a melting pot, full of Slavs, Germans, Kurds, Armenians, and Asiatics."

"What do you mean?" Peter said, puzzled by the paradox. "First you complain that Jews are internationalists, then you say they're too nationalistic?"

"I mean what I say," Lenin said. "Both statements are true. They are internationalists, in that their allegiance is first to any other Jew anywhere in any country, rather than to the nationals, their neighbors, in whatever country they live. But they're such rabid nationalists by the same token; another Jew is more to them than a fellow-Russian, if he is not a Jew. They can overcome class consciousness, but not race consciousness, nor race prejudice. Yet I repeat, Trotsky is the ablest of us all, and I cannot do anything without him."

PATIENCE

• If you want the rainbow, remember you must wait until the shower is over.

• Be punctual, and inasmuch as none are punctual, learn to be patient also.

—Quote

Peter duly reached Paris, and sauntering down the Boul' Mich, in the indicated cafe saw the bearded Jew sitting over a brandy with a colored girl. He pushed his way between the other patrons and sat down at their table.

"Vladimir Oulitch greets you," he said.

Trotsky amiably introduced his mistress, and ordered Peter a drink. Peter told of Lenin's plans, relayed messages, described Bukharin's conversation, which he thought must be the most brilliant in the world.

Trotsky agreed, then added, "Lenin is a genius. A greater genius than Bukharin, and a man of the highest integrity and courage. But for all that, when we have won, I will not care to have him as my leader. I shall not enjoy serving under him."

"Why?" Peter asked.

"Because he is a Mongol," Trotsky replied, "and the Mongols are Asiatics. They can never be, nor ever become, true Russians. They have not the same background and heritage as Europeans."

"How would that affect Lenin?" Peter asked.

"The Judeo-Greek tradition that we, all of us, inherit is posited upon respect for the human being. Not for the in-

dividual, mind you, but for the human species. Asiatics do not understand this. For them, human beings are no different from other animals. They do not care how many they massacre, nor whom, nor how often. There is a certain infinity in their disregard for human values, a timelessness the revolution will not mend. They will be as casual with the lives of the comrades as they were of those of the enemy. Now, that is not only wicked. It is worse. It is stupid. It is wasteful."

"But you and Lenin are great friends, your names are inseparable!" Peter said, puzzled.

"We know we are both essential to the job on hand," Trotsky replied, "but that does not prevent me from fearing the Asiatic in Lenin. Mark my words, if and when he can, he will destroy Bukharin, and he will destroy me."

TEN years later, Peter Mestrovic was in Berlin. He was a fully qualified engineer, and was attending some reunion of fellow engineers. At a semi-official reception he met Bukharin, suave and splendid in tails, his shirt front a shining breastplate of medals, orders, ribbons. They chatted about old times. Peter commented on Bukharin's unproletarian costume.

"I had expected to see you in a smock, or at least, in an embroidered Russian blouse."

"This is necessary, officially," Bukharin sighed, "underneath, I am bored. Such parties are tedious. There are not enough Russians. No party can be truly gay without many, many Russians. Do you know of any Russian joints in this town?"

Peter, after agreeing that he, too, most of all enjoyed the company, gaiety, and hospitality of Russians, said he did, yes, go to some Russian places. "But they are all run by emigrés," he said blushing. "White Russians, Grand-Dukes, and their like. You would not care to go to such places," he said.

"Why ever not?" Bukharin asked, in genuine surprise.

"You've probably killed or exiled the proprietor's father, mother, brothers, and sisters," Peter replied.

"And if I have?" answered Bukharin, "Naturally, if I were in Russia, and found White Russians, traitors, capitalists, ci-devants, I would send them to Siberia. Or shoot them. But here we are all together in a neutral country. And, after all, we are all Russians, who, when we are not in Russia, are all, to a greater or a less extent, in fact, exiles."

ANNE FREMANTLE is associate editor of *Commonweal*, and has recently edited *Mothers: A Catholic Treasury of Great Stories*.

THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Equal Crime and Punishment

Why, in Old Testament times, did God decree that an adulteress be stoned to death, without decreeing punishment for the partner in crime?—F. MCC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Perhaps you are misled by the gospel account of Our Lord's intervention in behalf of the woman who was on the verge of being stoned as an adulteress. No mention is made, on that occasion, of the guilty man. But according to the Old Testament, equal punishment was meted out for equal crime. This sin against the Sixth Commandment of the Decalogue was emphasized as a crime against both God and spouse. In patriarchal times, the punishment was death by fire; according to the Mosaic Law, death by stoning—for both guilty parties. "If any man commit adultery with the wife of another, and defile his neighbor's wife, let them be put to death, both the adulterer and the adulteress." (Lev. 20:10)

"Whose Sins You Shall Retain"

I have heard of several instances where absolution was refused in confession. Is this a general practice?—N. F., NEWARK, N. J.

According to one of the most up-to-date dictionaries, "several" means "more than two or three, but not many." It is unlikely that you will hear of many instances of a refusal of absolution, because it is not a frequent practice.

A priest has the right and duty to impart or withhold absolution, depending upon the worthiness of the penitent. A penitent's contrition for past infidelities to God is measurable by his purpose of amendment—his sincere determination that the future will not be a repetition of "the same old story." A mere wish is not a resolution. An indecisive attitude is not a determination. A penitent who will not promise to avoid avoidable occasions of sin is not repentant. It is incumbent upon the confessor to do his utmost to dispose of a penitent whose dispositions are wanting. But even the Divine Physician Himself cannot cure an unwilling patient. Were the confessor, in such circumstances, to "go through the motions" of imparting absolution, he would travesty the Sacrament of Repentance, would incur grave guilt himself, and would concur in the penitent's insincere trifling with the Holy Spirit. Hence, the confessor would have no alternative to withholding absolution, and would be justified in doing so by the authority of Him who declared: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them: whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

Wording of "Our Father"

Please tell me the origin of the words with which Protestants end the "Our Father"—"For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and glory, forever. Amen."—R. J. A., VINELAND, N. J.

While there is nothing objectionable to the sentiment expressed by the words, the words simply do not belong in

the original text as taught by Our Lord Himself. Originally they were a marginal commentary or gloss which, through an error or fault of a copyist, became merged with the text itself. The error was detected by St. Jerome and is acknowledged by non-Catholic as well as Catholic scholars.

Block Rosary

I find myself so completely in accord with your answer in the "Sign Post" of last August, concerning Necedah, Wis., and Lipa, P. I., that I am perplexed over the enthusiasm for the "Block Rosary." Has the Church passed judgment on the visions of the Ohio woman who originated this devotion?—F. MCK., FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

To date, the authorities of the Church have expressed no judgment as to the alleged visions of the Michigan lady who has been the occasion of the Block Rosary movement. To dissolve your perplexity, we must distinguish sharply between the alleged visions and the organized, neighborhood recitation of the Rosary. Apropos of the visions, there seems to be no urgent reason for intervention on the part of authorities. Involvements along the line of incongruity, superstition, hysteria, and the like would add up to a situation that would clamor for intervention. Unless and until an official judgment is expressed, individuals are free to form their own balanced, defensible impressions as to the credibility of the "Detroit visions."

Literature pertinent to the apparitions and to the Block Rosary movement is obtainable from Mr. N. J. Schorn, 651 Marlborough Ave., Detroit 15, Mich. To the verbatim story of the apparitions, as recounted by the Detroit housewife, there is a commendable prefix—N. B.: In accordance with the decree of the Holy See, the revelations of visions and supernatural manifestations which follow are on the responsibility of the biographer, and in no wise imply that they have been examined and approved by ecclesiastical authority.

From what is well known of the typical behavior of religious fakirs, it is to the credit of the Detroit lady that she is content to stay in the background—unnamed and, except to very few, unknown. The vanity of a religious fakir feeds on notoriety. However, we prefer to refrain from any further expression of personal or editorial opinion as to the credibility of the visions.

There is something to be said as to the psychology of "timing" prayers. We have the triduum or three-day prayers, the novena or nine-day prayers, thirty-day or month-long prayers, and so on. Through St. Margaret Alacoque, the Sacred Heart appealed for the devotion of nine First Fridays; Our Lady of Fatima appealed for five First Saturdays. Regardless of whether any such arrangement be dictated from on high or popularized by human initiative, there is no guaranty inherent in consecutive prayers, which enables the petitioner to dominate the divine will or which exempts the petitioner from leading a life consistent with properly balanced prayer. Any attempt to time automatically the

benefactions of Providence savors of superstition. But—other things being equal—consecutive prayers are very much to be commended. Such prayer entails perseverance, is manifestative of earnestness in general and of confidence in particular. In exhorting us to pray, Our Lord has approved a spirit of importunity: to the point, read the encouraging eleventh chapter of St. Luke's Gospel.

As for the Block Rosary movement itself, nothing can be said against it, much must be said in its favor. Explanatory literature enjoys episcopal approval. The procedure is in perfect harmony with the explicit appeal of Our Lady of Fatima. It is a variation of the Family Rosary crusade, sponsored by the Rev. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C. Within a little over five years, the movement has spread throughout every continent in the world. That it has borne much good fruit is a matter of record. When properly conducted, the Block Rosary is well safeguarded against deterioration. Conducted in a different home, each evening, Our Lady becomes the guest of honor in many homes and is not "monopolized" by any one family. Aside from private intentions, the joint petitions of the group are those of the Vicar of Christ. Including the Rosary, only officially approved prayers are permitted. The neighbors gather at a time that will not conflict with parochial services at church. To maintain the gathering on a strictly religious plane, no refreshments are served; at the conclusion of devotions, the visitors depart. (The Mr. Schorn referred to previously is chairman of The Block Rosary Lay Apostolate Committee of the Detroit Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Men.)

Be Slow to Believe!

Am not at all in sympathy with the usual pacifist policy of "The Catholic Worker," but am very much disturbed by enclosed clipping—an open letter to the editors of the C. W. Please comment.—M. W., BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.

Be slow to make an act of mere human faith! The author of the open letter—one Julian Pleasants—ventures the following statement: "The U. S. soldier in Korea, as he sights down his rifle barrel at a Korean farmer, has no grounds whatever for considering this man guilty, but orders are to shoot every Oriental male in Korea, and orders are orders." The statement as quoted is absurd on the face of it, whether considered from a military or diplomatic viewpoint—aside altogether from morality. To the best of our knowledge, no representative publication—religious or secular—has given space to this incredible accusation. A suspicion that Pleasants is given to extravagance in his use of ink is well bolstered by other statements, such as: "Let us drop the lie that Communist China is an aggressor against the U. S." "What reason has any Oriental to trust any white man in Asia?" "What about the order given to our soldiers in Korea to kill every man of military age that they saw, because for every ten Koreans that they killed, they would kill one Communist soldier in disguise?" And so on and so on, unto laughter without mirth.

In this column, we are not concerned directly with military or diplomatic strategy. We are concerned with two moral issues raised by your letter. The first is the proneness of the reading public at large, including Catholics, to believe, without due warrant, statements penned by irresponsible writers who scramble half-truths, statistics, and alleged insight into purposes and motives. People who hem and haw before a reluctant acceptance of divine testimony believe unhesitatingly so much of what is concocted by the ignorant non-Catholic, the hostile anti-Catholic, the radical Catholic. That credulity has been exemplified wholesale by reaction to the ever current horror stories as to Church-State relationships in Spain, South America, Italy, etc. Obviously, *very many*

Catholics do not read reliable, representative Catholic newspapers or other literature. They are badly out of step with the march of time. Readers of unrepresentative sources of information should keep in mind that a reasonable, foolproof faith demands a twofold ingredient as a voucher—accurate, thorough knowledge plus veracity.

As for reconciling World Wars I and II, the Korean interlude, or World War III with "traditional Catholic ethics," space limitation will not allow a full reprint of "A Just War?" ("Sign Post"—August, 1951). The following is a quotation of thought: Despite well-intended, wishful thinking of idealists—including a negligible percentage of impractical Catholics—there is such a thing as a just war. Conscientiously, an individual may resist violence: the same principle applies to a nation or group of nations that cannot otherwise cope with an unjust aggressor. Nor does it devolve upon the individual citizen to decide as to the justice of a war in which his country becomes engaged. The bungling of peace efforts during the past thirty-seven years is not adequate reason to justify a kowtowing appeasement of the godless Soviet. Communism is *characteristically* atheistic and antireligious. Piety, as misunderstood, is a cringing attitude—a la Uriah Heep; properly understood, it is a sturdy, very Catholic virtue productive of saints and patriots.

No intelligent, well-informed, honest person can endorse the stupidity and double-dealing which are responsible, at least in large part, for today's world-wide tension. However, those dreadful sins against the human race do not justify now a still worse sin of omission, whereby we would passively allow Communism to turn Europe and Asia into beachheads for a decisive attack upon the Americas—both State and Church.

The responsibility of those who engage in war is in ratio to their rank and influence. Ordinarily, it does not devolve upon the individual combatant to decide upon the morality of defensive or offensive procedure. The conduct of a war, as a whole, is not necessarily in conflict with "traditional Catholic ethics," despite occasional, isolated tragedies such as the bombing of Monte Cassino or the A-bombing of Japan. As for the latter, it is alleged that peace feelers had been extended prior to the bombing: it is also alleged that those peace feelers had been extended via Russia and that Russia concealed the fact. Since most of us are not in the know as to so many salient facts, we can but grant to responsible leaders the benefit of doubt. At any rate, Pleasants' open letter to the *Catholic Worker* does not represent "traditional Catholic ethics."

St. Elizabeth's Miracle of Roses

Please tell me about the "Miracle of the Roses" in the life of St. Elizabeth.—J. O'C., NEWTON, MASS.

Scholars are very much in disagreement as to whether this miracle should be associated with St. Elizabeth of Hungary or St. Elizabeth of Portugal. The pro's and con's are too lengthy and tedious to be presented here. Some there are who question the factuality of the miracle, but testimony seems amply sufficient. Others accuse Elizabeth of lying, on the occasion of the miracle. As the saint was about to visit the poor, she was cross-questioned by an inquisitive husband as to the contents of her bulging apron. Her reply was: "Roses." An inspection revealed—not victuals for the famished poor—but roses, at a time of year when flowers were unobtainable. Even allowing for an impetuous reply, attributable to nervousness, Elizabeth would hardly have lied so clumsily. It is not far-fetched to suppose that the Author of the miracle, by foretelling it an instant beforehand to Elizabeth, prompted a truthful reply. It is certainly far-fetched to suppose that God would apparently endorse a lie by miracle!

Income Tax Problem

To build up a fund for the child's future, I have opened a savings account for my nephew. To his account, I deposit the dividends from stocks which I own, and which are still registered in my name. Since I no longer benefit by the dividends, am I obligated to report same as taxable income?—E. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Frankly, we are not keen on discussing obligations which pertain to income taxes. Federal requirements are one thing; State requirements, another; the laws of the many States also vary. It can happen that there is at least room for debate—if not incontestable proof—that a legal obligation, binding in the external forum, does not bind morally in the forum of conscience.

Generally speaking, it is required legally that ownership of as well as returns from stocks and bonds, be declared. If you now omit a declaration of the dividends in question, there will be a discrepancy with your previous reports. As for donations to charity, considered as deductible income, there is much more leeway when a donation is made to an institution or organization, than when made to an individual. Possibly, your annual deposit of dividends would fall within the skimpy per cent of total income, as allowed legally for charity to individuals.

You still benefit by the dividends inasmuch as you enjoy the opportunity of thus financing your nephew. Proprietorship over both stock and dividends is still yours. Perhaps the happiest solution of your problem would be to deed the stock outright, as a fund in trust, for your nephew's future benefit. Thus, you would reduce the aggregate of your own taxable income and—unless the sum involved be very considerable—you would bestow a gift which would not be subject to much governmental whittling. At the same time, you would avoid all danger of trying to outwit Uncle Sam or your own conscience.

Barred from Convent Life?

Since childhood, I have desired to become a religious. Recently, I discovered the illegitimacy of my birth. Am I barred from convent life, or can I obtain a dispensation?—A. C., DES MOINES, IOWA.

We have received not a few inquiries on this point. Infants abandoned by their parents are not presumed to be illegitimate. The Canon Law of the Church does not specify legitimacy of birth as a requisite for the admission of a female to the religious life, or for the admission of a male to the religious brotherhood. Illegitimacy is a bar only to those males who seek admission as candidates for the priesthood. However, aside from the general law of the Church, the rules and constitutions of a religious community might consider illegitimacy as reason for the rejection of an applicant. Which communities do and which do not can be found out only by inquiry. Depending upon circumstances, a dispensation may be feasible.

Illegitimacy is a misfortune to be reckoned with, in the case of any aspirant to the priesthood, whether in connection with a diocese or a religious community. According to Church legislation, illegitimacy is a legal impediment known as an irregularity. An irregularity is considered a serious impediment to the reception of Holy Orders, or—in the case of one already ordained—to the exercise of the Orders. Some irregularities are based upon defects, others upon crime. Examples of the latter would be apostasy, heresy, schism. Irregularities of defect would be, besides illegitimacy of birth, serious physical handicaps, insanity, other incongruous factors.

It is interesting to note that, centuries ago, illegitimacy was not considered an impediment to priesthood. Aspirants were screened solely on the basis of personal qualifications.

Gradually, nation after nation, the civil law stigmatized illegitimate offspring so inescapably that the Church was constrained to heed that legal development. Fingers are quick to point and tongues to wag. If—as in the case of an abandoned orphan—an aspirant to the religious life or the priesthood cannot establish legitimacy of birth, a dispensation from this impediment is given, as a precautionary measure. As a conservative solution, a definitely illegitimate aspirant might be accepted on condition that he or she transfer to a distant location, well removed from the zone of notoriety.

According to some of the State laws of this country, illegitimacy of birth is not indicated on the ordinary birth certificate: for the sake of the offspring, that information is filed in all but inaccessible archives. It would seem more equitable to stigmatize illegitimate parents than their innocent offspring! In your own case—by no means give up hope. Personally, or through a reliable confidant, such as your regular confessor, inquire as to the prospects of admission into various communities. Your personal record and qualities can more than counterbalance the unfortunate background.

Please Identify

In his article, "A Few Saints," in the September issue of THE SIGN, Msgr. Ronald Knox refers to Mary Magdalene as the sister of Martha and Lazarus. I thought Mary Magdalene was the repentant adulteress.—M. A., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

From the Scriptures, it is clear that Our Lord relieved Mary Magdalene of her possession by seven devils, "Rising early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils." (Mark 16:9) However, it is not at all clear that Mary of Magdala and the public sinner are one and the same person; nor is it certain that the Magdalene is the sister of Martha and Lazarus. Experts in the interpretation of Scripture disagree as to whether the biblical references bespeak one, two, or three persons. However, Msgr. Knox has at least as much reason as those who disagree, for adopting the opinion inherent in his biographical vignette of Martha's sister.

Burial of Limbs

While rolling gold plate, one of my fellow workers had his fingers snagged and pulled off. I maintained the severed digits should have been given Christian burial. Was I right?—C. B., CHICAGO, ILL.

Yes—amputated limbs, as well as the blood withdrawn from bodies of the deceased, should be given Christian burial. In the latter case, the obligation devolves upon the Catholic mortician. As for portions of the body, surgically amputated or excised, the obligation is incumbent upon the authorities of a Catholic hospital. In response to a request for guidance in this matter, voiced by a Superior General of Hospital Sisters, the Holy Office, in a ruling of August 3, 1897, declared that Christian burial should be provided, in the case of Catholics, in the best way feasible. In the accident case you describe, you did rightly in retrieving the severed fingers for burial by a Catholic undertaker or a Catholic hospital.

"The Sign Post" is an information service for our readers. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to "The Sign Post," c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Inquiries should pertain to the faith, practices, and history of the Catholic Church. Inquirers should identify themselves by giving name and address. Anonymous letters will be disregarded. Questions are not answered by private reply. Personal problems of conscience—especially marriage cases—should be referred to one's pastor or confessor.



Andrea, the only boy, sleeps covered with flies on the one bed that served the family of seven



Outside the hen house—(l. to r.) Teresina, Pasquale's wife with Romana, Carmela, and Pasquale

From Pigpen to Hen House

But now that the hen house has been torn down, what has happened to Pasquale, his wife, and the five children?

by CHARLES R. JOY

Carmela and Teresina, the oldest child holding baby, Maria Elena, line up for a picture



THE Via Nomentana that leaves Rome by the Porta Pia to the east is an old Roman road. A short distance out of the city it joins another old Roman road, the Via Salaria, which crosses Italy to the Adriatic Sea. About ten miles from the Porta Pia on the left side of the road rises the Church of Saint Alessandro, and directly opposite are the Catacombs of Saint Alessandro. Around these buildings a little hamlet has been formed which became a parish in 1929.

In the corner of the churchyard opposite the catacombs rose until a few months ago a little, dilapidated hen house. It was hidden from the street by a wall, and half concealed from the church by the trees of an orchard. The hen house was like any other hen house, and the hens wandered in and out at will. There was nothing unusual about that. The unusual thing was that the hen house was also the home of an Italian family.

Pasquale came from the little town of Gerace near Reggio Calabria in the toe of Italy. He was a shoemaker by trade, a self-respecting and industrious young man living in modest comfort in the little house he rented there. His first child, a daughter named Teresina, was born in Gerace. Then the allies brought the war across from Sicily. The second child, Carmela, was born in the hospital at Loeri, while the hospital was being bombed. In October, 1943, Pasquale fled

THE SIGN

The Church of Saint Alessandro. In its churchyard stood the hen house where the family lived



Pasquale, a shoemaker, at work in the open air of the churchyard. Business and equipment were poor

with his wife and two children to Nicastro, near Catanzaro, where he lived for two years. All his furniture had been pillaged at Gerace and there was nothing left. In December, 1945, they moved up to the outskirts of Rome and took up their residence in the only home they could find, a pigpen. There in the pigpen a third child was born, Andrea, the only boy in the family, and there the priest of the Church of Saint Alessandro found them. The kindly priest invited them to the hospitality of his church, but all he could offer them was the hen house in the churchyard. There in the hen house two more children were born, Romana Alessandro, named for the church, and the baby, Maria Elena.

The little hen house into which they moved had only one room with a dirt floor. A small window with a broken frame and broken bits of glass, held together by chicken wire, let in some light, but most of the light came in through the open door. By this light the interior of the house could be seen, the open stone fireplace for cooking in the corner, the small chest of drawers, and the double bed where all but the tiny baby slept together. Six of them, in one bed.

Of course, there was the out-of-doors also, and in the summer time the meals were served on a table under a tree. There, too, Pasquale carried on his trade as a shoemaker. A kind of closet, built against the wall, about three feet square, housed his equipment, but he himself

worked beside it in the open air. When the weather was inclement the whole family moved into the one little room for all its activities. Business was very poor for Pasquale. Customers were few and paid little. He had no capital either in stock or money. When he got an order for repairing shoes, he had to make a special trip to Rome to procure the necessary leather, and this, of course, ate into his meager profits.

On the day of my visit the family had a pound of spaghetti to eat. That was all. There was no bread. How could there be, when they owed the baker 6,000 lire? The baby, indeed, got a litre of milk every day, but the children had to walk four kilometers barefoot for it, just as the two older children had to walk two kilometers barefoot to school.

The family received no help from the government, no family allocations, no pension.

Was this a shiftless family? Not at all. They had been carefully investigated by representatives of the Save the Children Federation and CARE. They were nice people, deserving people, people full of good will. They were striving hard to keep the family together, in spite of poverty and sickness and all the cruel aftermath of the war. A little help from America had gone to a sponsored child in the family, a little clothing, a little food. Recently the mother had received a small gift of money. She bought some unbleached cotton and made up two

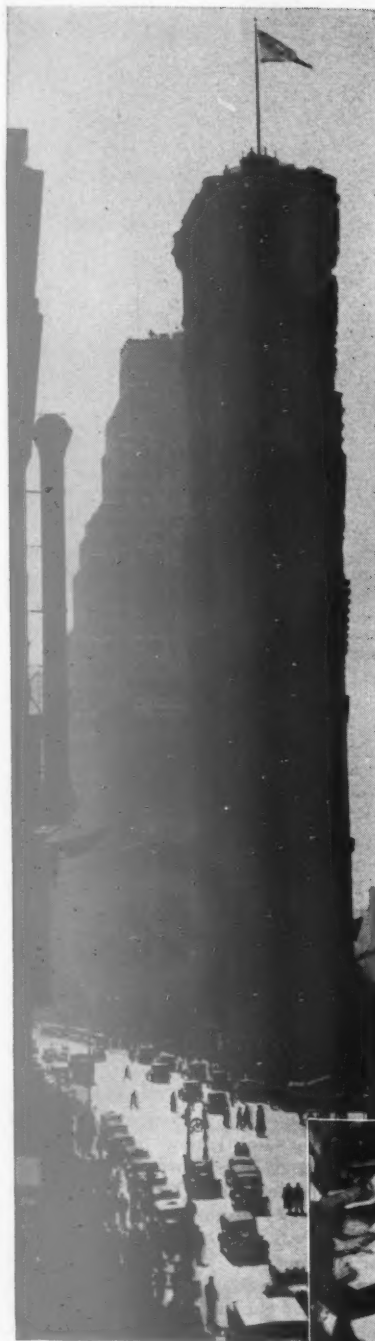
sheets and three pillowcases for the family, and two small sheets for the baby's crude carriage, the first they had had since the old days in Gerace.

This is the tale of a simple Italian family caught between the lower millstone of the war and the upper millstone of the peace in this land of desolation, destitution, disillusionment, and despair. As descriptive of Italy in general these nouns are an exaggeration, but for Pasquale and many thousands like him they are words of bleak accuracy.

Since my return to America, I have inquired once more about Pasquale and his family, and I now learn that the hen house has been torn down, and the family has moved on to another station in its odyssey of misery.

There was a frightful drought in Italy last summer, and thousands of farmers were idle for long months. Then this past winter the rains came, with floods worse than any the country had known for fifty years. Innumerable families were driven from their homes, the olives and grapes suffered greatly. It will take years to repair the damages. In the industrial areas of the country unemployment remains acute. The per capita income is only \$235 a year and prices have gone up to such heights that a ten dollar CARE package would cost the equivalent of \$19.20. Hopes for improvement in the standard of living have been in part shattered again. Life is not easy for Italy's 46,000,000 people.

What's happened



Above—The Times Building at Times Square
Right—Copy desk, terminal of the Times' far-flung reporting



WITHOUT doubt, the most influential newspaper of general circulation in the United States is the *New York Times*. In amazing comprehensiveness, in over-all effort to be well balanced and unbiased, the *Times* has certainly no superiors and very likely no equals. Its readership is not confined to the New York area. Over the nation, thousands of serious readers look to the *Times* for a thorough round-up of the news.

The implicit confidence reposed in the *Times* by its readers creates a tremendous responsibility for that great journal's editors, writers, and reporters. Let it be said that in general the management of the *Times* is aware of its responsibility and has discharged it well.

In recent years, however, the *Times'* coverage of certain categories of news has occasioned some close readers no little concern. The following observations, necessarily brief, are offered not in a spirit of captious criticism, but in the hope of arousing constructive discussion.

Of particular interest in these critical years is the subject of national security in the face of Communist aggression. There is an enormous body of evidence to prove that the danger of Red subversive infiltration from within is just

as real as the danger of armed assault from without. Concerning the opposition of the *Times* to Communism in general, to Communism abroad, and to the Communist "Party" in this country, there can be no doubt. But one wonders about the attitude of the *Times* to Communism and Communists in fields such as education and entertainment.

Many years ago, when there was no real Communist threat to the United States, the old *New York Times* editorially defined exaggerated "academic freedom" as "the inalienable right of every college instructor to make a fool of himself and his college by mealy, intemperate, sensational prattle about every subject under Heaven, to his classes and to the public, and still to keep on the payroll or be reft therefrom only by elaborate process."

YET, in recent years, when there has been a real subversive conspiracy against the United States, a conspiracy in which many teachers have demonstrably been involved, the *Times* has taken to defending exaggerated "academic freedom" in a manner scarcely distinguishable on occasion from that of a Communist-front publication.

It is a matter of record that a Communist-controlled teachers' union in New York numbers perhaps two thousand members and that Communist teachers have been involved in atomic espionage, in recruiting for the Communist conspiracy, and in disruptive tactics against the public school system. Yet the *Times* opposed the Feinberg Law, which would ban Communists from teaching in the New York State public school system.

On March 25, 1951, Benjamin Fine, education editor of the *Times*, devoted about fifteen column-inches to charges that the University of California had been made a "place unfit for scholars to inhabit," as a result of the university's loyalty oath proviso. Why scholars could not inhabit a university which asked them to refrain from participating in a subversive conspiracy is something which the *Times* did not make clear.

On May 10 and 11, 1951, Kalman Siegel in two very lengthy *Times* articles attempted to show, *inter alia*, that

to the New York Times?

There is no question about its opposition to Communism in general.

But that softness toward Communists in education and entertainment...

How come?

by CHRISTOPHER ROCHE

"college freedoms were being stifled by students' fear of Red labels" and by "McCarthyism" (to use a term dear to some). Mr. Siegel's articles were so outrageous that even the "liberal" Professor Sidney Hook wrote indignantly to the *Times*, pointing out that what had actually happened was that students today were politically more mature and informed, hence less likely to be gulled by Communist fronts disguised as "liberal" organizations. The *Times* itself on May 11, 1951, attempted to strike a balance to Siegel's articles. This was not the first time in recent memory that readers wondered if the *Times*' right hand knew what its left hand was doing.

THE *Times* on June 22, 1951, to give another example, editorially approved in no gentle terms the Supreme Court decision upholding the constitutionality of the Smith Act, which outlaws conspiracy to teach and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence. The *Times* incisively commented that it was not free speech that was threatened by the Smith Act and the Supreme Court ruling, as some pseudo liberals alleged, but freedom to conspire. Yet on April 13, 1951, the *Times* had editorially voiced "very serious doubts . . . about the validity of this entire investigation of screen actors by the House Un-American Activities Committee," had suggested there was little real danger of Red infiltration in the motion picture industry, and had suggested that it was for unworthy purposes that the Congress was investigating.

Such apparent inconsistencies have suggested to more than one reader that, although the *Times* is forthrightly opposed to Communism in general, there are certain areas of practical Communist activity which the *Times* would perhaps not wish probed too deeply.

The inconsistencies into which the *Times* has now and then slipped when

treading the slippery field of civil liberties were possibly never better exemplified than in that newspaper's handling of *The Miracle* case. This Italian film, as will be recalled, depicted the seduction of a demented peasant woman by a stranger whom she took to be St. Joseph and her delivery of an illegitimate child. By an obvious parallel, the film was a blasphemous and filthy attack on the Virgin Birth. The reviews in all the leading New York newspapers pointed up the bad taste and sordidness of the film. Even Bosley Crowther, motion picture editor of the *Times*, in his review on December 13, 1950, conceded that the leading character in *The Miracle* might be "entirely regarded as an open mockery of faith and religious fervor."

THERE was no argument up to this point. But when New York License Commissioner Edward T. McCaffrey on December 23, 1950, banned public showing of *The Miracle*, on the ground that it was a mockery of religion and so in violation of the statutes, there was an immediate clamor in certain circles. The clamor reached the proportions of intellectual rioting on January 7, 1951, when Cardinal Spellman formally censured *The Miracle* and members of the Catholic War Veterans began peacefully to picket the theater showing the film. Though the New York State Board of Regents on February 16, 1951, unanimously ruled that *The Miracle* was sacrilegious and so not entitled to be licensed under Section 122 of the state Education Law, and though the Appellate Division of the state Supreme Court later upheld the Regents' ban, these official determinations only exacerbated the tempers of certain elements.

Remember, the motion picture editor of the *Times* had initially conceded, together with other competent critics, that *The Miracle* might be considered a mockery of faith. As such, it unquestion-

ably could not be licensed for general showing in New York State, where the law bans entertainment films mocking any religion. This determination was accorded in by the highest competent authorities in the state, which official agencies included Protestant and Jewish, as well as Catholic members. Lacking clear proof to the contrary, there was no reason to doubt either their knowledge of the state law or their integrity in interpreting and applying it.

Yet the *New York Times* consistently opposed official decisions against *The Miracle* all the way. Once action was taken against this sacrilegious film, the *Times* editorially protested and began to publish news stories slanted in favor of *The Miracle*. When the Regents handed down their unanimous ruling, the *Times* deplored the decision, insinuated against its unanimity, and acted as a pulpit for the American Civil Liberties Union, which as usual took a position in accord with the opponents of religion.

Even more patently outraged than the *Times* editorial desk or city room by the Regents' decision was Bosley Crowther, who not only echoed the *Times* line that what was sacrilegious to Catholics might not be sacrilegious to others (an argument which merely begged the question of the state law), but also noisily called upon the motion-picture industry to challenge the decision. Even the ruling of the state Supreme Court could not convince the partisan Mr. Crowther that he might be wrong for once: he shifted to the position that the state law regarding films should be rewritten his way.

THE attitude of the *Times* toward showing of this anti-Catholic film is seen in sharp relief if one sets alongside it the attitude of the *Times* toward entertainments having the slightest anti-Jewish associations. For example, *Times* correspondent Richard F. Hanser on

April 22, 1951, considered "heartening" violent protests (including riots) in West Germany directed against the performance of a play staged by Viet Harlan. There was no question of the play's being a slur on the Jewish faith. The violent protests and riots which the *Times* found "heartening" were occasioned simply by the fact that Harlan had years before directed the viciously anti-Semitic film, *Jew Suss*.

Again, when the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and other Jewish pressure groups effected a virtual nationwide boycott of the English film version of the Dickens' classic, *Oliver Twist*, alleging that one character in the film was a vicious caricature of a Jew, the *Times* conducted no such press crusade in favor of showing *Oliver Twist* as it had conducted in favor of showing *The Miracle*. There is no argument here about *Oliver Twist* or the right of the ADL and other groups to protest it if they will. The question is about the consistency of the *New York Times*. Some are beginning to wonder if the *Times'* zeal for civil liberties doesn't depend somewhat on whose ox is gored.

THIS suspicion, in fact, has been growing for some time. When *The Nation* was banned from New York City public school libraries, following its publication of a series of articles by Paul Blanshard attacking the Catholic faith, the *Times* vigorously protested the ban. This writer, in all the years he has been reading the *Times*, cannot recall that it ever protested the school ban against such anti-Semitic publications as *Common Sense* or *The Cross and the Flag*.

Along the same lines, the *Times* gives freely of its space to reportage of anti-Catholic speeches and statements by Blanshard and other supporters of Protestants and Other Americans United. But you will look hard and long to find in the *Times* any "straight" reportage of anti-Negro and anti-Jewish speeches, though no doubt such irresponsible and bigoted speeches are made.

It should not be necessary to state that this writer holds no brief for anti-Semitism or any other form of bigotry. It should also be clear that this is not an appeal for the suppression of anti-Catholic or antireligious pronouncements (such as those made by pundit Bertrand Russell in the *Times* Sunday Magazine). The question moved is simply this: Is the *New York Times* consistent? Or does it manifest a certain bias on occasion?

Let us look at another recent example of the *Times'* handling of news involving Catholic protests against an objectionable film. On February 16, 1951, the *Times* published a story to the effect that 150 members of the Knights of

Columbus had marched on the New Ozone Theater on Long Island, had demonstrated against the showing of the Italian film, *The Bicycle Thief*, and had threatened the use of pickets and the closing down of the theater.

The truth: About 30 Knights (not 150) had driven quietly (not marched) to the theater. Two Knights and the chaplain had gone inside and quietly protested to the owner (by telephone) against his showing of this film, which is notably marked by vulgarity, at a reduced price of five cents on Wednesday afternoon, the only afternoon when children from a near-by Catholic school were let out early. There was no threat to use pickets or close down the theater. The lay spokesman for the Knights (not the chaplain) merely advised the owner that under the circumstances if *The Bicycle Thief* were shown, the Knights would advise all Catholic people to boycott the theater. The other men meanwhile stood quietly outside on the sidewalk, attempting no demonstration.

It may be significant that not only was this story inaccurate on one count after another, but it was of such a nature as reasonably to be expected to inflame anti-Catholic feeling, and it was published three days after the occurrence, on the very day the New York Regents were to review *The Miracle*. Is it any wonder that longtime readers are beginning to wonder what has happened to their *New York Times*?

Perhaps this is a long overdue reaction, in view of the *Times'* well-known handling of the Spanish question. From the beginning of the Spanish Civil War nearly fifteen years ago, and continuing

more or less to the present, the *Times* has conducted a remarkable one-newspaper campaign against the Franco regime. The position of the *Times* on this issue has aroused comment not only in Catholic, but also in diplomatic, scholarly, and military circles.

Needless to say, the *Times* has every right to be opposed to the Franco regime. Many will join the *Times* in pointing out the dictatorial excesses of the Spanish caudillo. Catholics *per se*, of course, have no obligation to identify themselves with Franco's government. But Catholics, after many years' experience of the way in which the *Times* has opposed Nationalist Spain, wonder if the fact that Spain is a Catholic country does not account for some of the press attack.



Herman Shumlin, lion of Sunday dramatic section



Cheryl Crawford, a frontier plugged by the "Times"

Let there be censorship, or a strike, or some alleged discrimination against Protestants in Spain, and you will find the *Times* spilling gallons of ink over it. Let there be a movement to release Spain from the international ghetto in which it has been placed, and the *Times* seems acutely distressed.

Why? Israel and Yugoslavia admittedly have far tighter censorship than has Spain; yet the *Times* does not seem moved to indignation. Peasant strikes, resulting in severe food shortages, have been prevalent in collectivist Yugoslavia: the *Times* does not play up this news, nor wait with undisguised eagerness for the collapse of Titoism. Catholics have for centuries suffered very real discrimination in Scandinavia; Catholics and other Christians labor under



Times' music critic, Olin Downes, a front signer

certain restrictions in Israel. These acts of foreign discrimination do not seem to send the *Times* running to its tocsin. Then why does the *Times* seem to "pick on" Spain? Is it too much to expect a newspaper of general circulation, and the most influential newspaper in the United States, to be consistent?

ON occasion the *Times'* campaign against Spain has gone beyond inconsistency. In August, 1950, the *Times* charged that Nazi submarines were refueled in the Spanish port of Vigo around 1939-1941. Admiral White, American naval attaché in Spain during the war, asked for the evidence. So far as is known, the *Times* has produced none.

For the record, let something be clarified beyond question at this point. If Catholic readers of the *Times* have on occasion had cause to speculate along the lines noted above, they will at the same time be the first to acknowledge the generous amount of space which the *Times* has given to Catholic news. Probably more than any other New York general newspaper, the *Times* covers Catholic services, meetings, and other activities. And its coverage in general is accurate. Much the same grateful comment may be made of the *Times'* handling of Vatican news. Perhaps it is the excellence of the *Times* in so many departments that makes more painfully obvious its questionable treatment of certain specific types of news.

Conspicuous among those types is theatrical news. Mention was made early in this article of the *Times'* disapproval of any Congressional investigation of Red actors. The *Times* seems

to take the position that "a person's political views are nobody's business but his own." Passing over the highly debatable point whether involvement in the Communist conspiracy is no more than "political views," let us raise the question whether Communist-front affiliations of some sort are not actually an asset in the entertainment news department of the *Times*.

THAT is a question for further discussion; it is not given as a statement of fact. Perhaps it could be. Music editor Howard Taubman, who has been known to inject the *Times* anti-Franco line even into a discussion of things orchestral, once signed a Communist-initiated letter to the President urging a declaration of war on plucky little Finland, which was resisting Soviet aggression. Dance critic John Martin has at least six front affiliations of record. Music critic Olin Downes has piled up twenty-four or more front connections in the past; even post-Korea his name has appeared in the *Daily Worker* as a signer of a front pronunciamento. To the credit of drama editor Brooks Atkinson, who had not a light front record in years gone by, be it said that he has taken a position notably in opposition to Red Fascism, root and branch.

Though Lewis Funke, Sunday dramatic section editor of the *Times*, is not charged with having a front record, some observers have felt that theatrical personalities with red paint on their escutcheons have received a disproportionate amount of valuable publicity in Funke's own "Rialto Gossip" column in the Sunday *Times*. Recently, for example, there have been precious "plugs" for Cheryl Crawford, Margaret Webster, Tennessee Williams, William Faulkner, Lemuel Ayers, Elmer Rice, Wolcott Gibbs, Burgess Meredith, Marc Connelly, Victor Samrock, and Herman Shumlin—all of whom have notable front records. True, many others not so affiliated have also been noticed in "Rialto Gossip." What has concerned some close observers of the theater is that those *with* the records seem to have had quite the better of it. It is a matter of proportion.

Herman Shumlin, lion of Broadway's left-wing producers, and lyrical leftist E. Y. "Yip" Harburg seem to be particular beneficiaries of free space in the *Times* Sunday dramatic section. Two days before Mr. Shumlin's latest offering, *Lace on Her Petticoat*, opened in New York, it was featured in a five columns by eight inches caricature by Al Hirschfeld on page one, section two. Immediately below, Mr. Funke kindly donated his first three paragraphs of "Rialto Gossip" to Mr. Shumlin, gracefully alluding to the fact that *Lace* was

the producer-director's first offering since 1946, and leaving the reader with the impression this was entirely due to high production costs. Mr. Funke, observing that delicate reticence characteristic of the *Times* in such matters, did not mention that Mr. Shumlin in June 1947 had been convicted of contempt of Congress and handed a three-months' jail sentence (later suspended) for willfully failing to produce under subpoena records of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, cited as Communist and subversive by the Attorney General. Apparently the *Times* does not consider such details important enough to be mentioned, though about this same period the *Times* reported in detail the re-hearing of the case of one Martin Monti, a former American flyer convicted of collaboration with the Nazis. One wonders again, are pro-Communist or Red-front affiliations of less concern to the *Times* than Fascist ties?

SOME time previously, Harburg's smedley of Marxist economic theory and music, otherwise known as *Flahooley*, had received more generous publicity in the *Times* Sunday dramatic section. *Flahooley* drew three fat paragraphs of "Rialto" gossip before it opened in New Haven, and a seven columns by eight inches Hirschfeld caricature and a Wolfe Kaufman feature article before it opened in New York. Al Hirschfeld, by the way, was a supporter of the Hollywood Ten; his wife, Dolly Haas, reportedly made her theatrical debut at the Studio Theater of the Dramatic Workshop, cited as a Communist front.

Be it emphasized no implication is intended that *only* Red-fronters are featured in Mr. Funke's Sunday column or in the photos and caricatures customarily adorning the top center of page one, section two. The uneasy feeling is being voiced that celebrities and plays with front associations seem to be getting more than their share of the publicity pie.

Possibly the all-time mark made by "Rialto Gossip" in this connection was some years ago, when the Rialto editor blew his horn for the Broadway delegation to Stalin's World Youth Festival. "It's going to take plenty of bell-ringing to send that group of young actors to Prague for the World Youth Festival. . . . Altogether it'll cost \$18,000 to finance the project. . . . When we went to press about \$4,500 was on the line."

Incredible? There was more than that. The Sunday *Times* even urged prospective donors to "communicate with Miss Billie Kirpich of the United States Committee for the World Youth Festival, 144 Bleecker Street, New York

(Continued on page 78)

—PEOPLE—



• Regina Colgan Mulrain of Roselle Park, N. J. is a perfect example of a courageous woman who derives her strength from a deep and abiding faith. About five years ago, the doctors believed that Mrs. Mulrain was dying of cancer and gave her only a few brief months to live. However, after three operations she began to improve rapidly and felt extremely happy save for the fact that she began to worry unduly about her health. To overcome this, Mrs. Mulrain started on a career of writing. She submitted articles and poetry to various Catholic magazines, and their ready acceptance encouraged her in this career.

Later, an interviewer from radio station WNJR heard of her recovery from what appeared a fatal illness and asked her to appear on the program. Mrs. Mulrain did and became interested in radio. She auditioned at WSOU, the Seton Hall University station, and was accepted. She now conducts a half hour program of interview and poetic discussions.

The mother of five children ranging from six to seventeen years of age, Mrs. Mulrain is a source of encouragement to her many listeners who know of her valiant battle against one of the most dreaded diseases. Her husband Martin aptly describes her as "a game gal."



• **Joseph Curtin** of Jackson Heights, Long Island, is known to many of our readers throughout the country as Mr. North of the famous radio serial, *Mr. and Mrs. North*, heard regularly over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Joe was born in Cambridge, Mass. His father was a bookbinder, and his son became fond of books at an early age. About the same time he became interested in the stage and played juvenile roles in many plays as far west as Santa Barbara, California. At the age of ten he was an experienced actor of five years standing.

Mr. Curtin later played a full season with Maude Adams and Otis Skinner in the *Merchant of Venice*. He also toured with Walter Hampden

in *Ruy Blas* and appeared in summer stock with Florence Reed, Mitzi Green, and Ethel Barrymore. Besides the stage work, Mr. Curtin has been heard regularly over the CBS network for over fifteen years.

Mr. Curtin and his wife, the former Valeria Yockem, a well-known artist and illustrator, are the parents of three children. Joe and his wife have not allowed their special careers to interfere with their Catholic home life. Mr. Curtin has been described by his parish priest as an "available Jones" who is always ready to help out in the parish. He is a member of the Nocturnal Adoration Society, and both he and his wife are known for their many charitable works.

Words too long unspoken added to the heartache of separation
—until faith found the remedy

LOVE,

Tomi

by MYLES CONNOLLY

IT'S funny, Pop, but it didn't occur to me till a few months ago that I ought to open up and tell you how I felt, and then the weeks went by, and the first thing I knew it was too late. Each day, as the time got shorter, I'd tell myself I was going to get together with you, but somehow I never did. I couldn't, I guess. I didn't have any trouble telling Mr. Sturgis, the football coach at school, that I thought he was pretty good. And I didn't have any trouble at all telling Father Bonaventure, when he left the Mission, it wasn't going to be the same without him. But I couldn't get myself to open up to you. And when you left, I not only couldn't tell you how I felt, I couldn't even say good-by.

Well, Pop, I'm going to try to tell you now. I hope it isn't too late, that's all.

I guess I just took you for granted, Pop, like the house and the Mission and the ocean. I suppose plenty of kids are like that. We're interested mostly in ourselves, and our own plans, and what happens to us. With me, it's always been as if I were sort of standing on you and looking far away down the road, like I was standing on a rock, or like the way you used to stand in the bow of the "Northwind," searching the sea to the horizon. I'm writing from my room on the second floor, at the old table near the window, and I can see the "Northwind" riding easily in the bay. I've got her moored fast, and I got the skiff stowed away up in the sand under the pier and everything's shipshape the way you'd want it. The

water is gray-green and cool-looking, and out a way there are some whitecaps showing. The breeze is southwesterly and a bit sharp. It's a pretty morning for a sail. I guess maybe I shouldn't mention all this, knowing how much you love the "Northwind," and the sea.

As I was saying, I always took you for granted, Pop, like, I guess, other kids take their fathers. But then, when a few months ago I found out about you, I didn't take you for granted any more. You didn't know I knew about you, and you never suspected how hard it was for me to keep from saying something, as I watched you. Only you kept smiling all the time, I guess I would have gone to pieces. You were great, Pop, and I should have told you.

Once, one evening, I almost did tell you. I went up to the Mission to get some lemons. The monks always let me pick all the lemons I wanted, though I never told anyone at home where I got them. I used to charge Mom ten cents a dozen, and she used to be surprised and used to ask where on earth I got them so cheap. That evening, before supper, I had picked the lemons and was walking through the cloister with Brother Lawrence when we stopped at the church door. Then I saw you sitting inside in the shadows. It was dark in the old church, and I could just make you out. I stood and watched you, and I guess I choked up some, because Brother Lawrence kept watching my face. I was wearing sneakers and Brother was wearing sandals, so you did

not hear us. In fact, you never knew I saw you.

Brother Lawrence told me you always came up to the Mission about that time every evening and had been coming for years, on your way home from the store. I never knew you went there, Pop. You never said anything. And you had been going up there night after night, praying for us, I suppose. It did something to me, Pop, and that night, after supper, I tried to tell you how I felt about you.

You were sitting out on the porch in the dark, sort of dreaming. I came out and sat on the rail and tried to talk. But the silence was too much for me to break. What a silence it was. It seemed as if the only sound in the whole town was the tinkle of Mom and Consuelo in the kitchen doing the dishes. Consuelo was staying home pretty much these nights. I wonder if you ever noticed that. John was staying home a lot, too, when he wasn't down



You and I were going to see a lo



ing to a long sail in the "Northwind," just the two of us.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HARTMAN

at the store. If you noticed the change in us, you never said anything.

Well, anyway, that night I tried to talk, but as I say, the silence between us was too much. It was like a weight that was too heavy for me to lift. And then you began to talk. You told me you were going to take a vacation, and that you and I were going to go for a long sail in the "Northwind," just the two of us. You'd let me be the skipper and you'd be the crew. We'd go out to San Clemente Island and then, maybe, put into San Diego. We'd try to make San Diego on Saturday night, you said, because on Saturday night sailors take over and it's a real seagoing town. We'd sail in through the great Navy ships anchored in the bay—cruisers, carriers, destroyers, submarines, even a battleship, maybe. They're a great sight, you said, and would make me feel pretty proud of my country. Though, you added, they never would

affect you in the same way that sailing ships would affect you—ships crowded with canvas, like great white birds, that's the way you put it, ships like those your grandfather and granduncles sailed out of Boston and out of Salem.

It was a wonderful cruise you planned, Pop. But I knew you would never make it. I knew then you'd never sail the "Northwind" again. Not very far, anyway. And I filled up and I couldn't speak. I couldn't tell you what I wanted to tell you. I never even tried again.

I don't think I'll ever forget that June morning I went down to the drugstore to tell you about Consuelo. I'm calling her Consuelo here and not Connie, because that's what you always called her, and that's what you liked everybody to call her. And maybe too, in what I'm writing from now on, I'll call the drugstore a shop the way you always called it.

I didn't want to tell on Consuelo. I didn't want to look like a squealer. And besides, I knew how much you loved her. I knew that for you she could do no wrong. I didn't want to hurt you.

The night before that morning I went down to the shop, I hardly slept at all. Just about sunrise, I got up and went down to the water and walked along the beach. Walking there, with the sandpipers scooting before me, and the gulls and pelicans taking off as I neared them, wheeling in the sky till I had passed, then settling down again, I felt natural and more peaceful, and I was able to think more clearly. I always feel more at home by the water, Pop, than I do in the house. The way you did. I can't imagine you anywhere more than a few hundred yards from the ocean. Nor me, either.

I had been worrying about Consuelo for some time. She's so pretty and so sophisticated, and sometimes she looks

more like she's twenty-two than eighteen. Uncle Luis says that girls with Spanish blood in them are like that and she gets it from Mom.

Mom and Consuelo are a lot alike. There's no question about that. Their eyes seem to be always on fire, and they move about so quickly. I'll never forget the first time I saw Mom asleep. I couldn't believe it. I thought she was dead. I touched her cheek as softly as I could to see. And right off, she was sitting up and smiling at me, her eyes flashing as if she had never been asleep at all. Consuelo likes clothes and excitement the way Mom does. So does John. The three of them have that Spanish blood, all right.

I guess, as Uncle Luis says, I take after you, Pop. I know my hair grows straight and kind of close to the head the way yours does. You and me never seem to need a haircut, while John always does. His hair grows especially on his neck, where ours never does. Uncle Luis says John should have been named Tomi after Mom's father, and I should have been named John after you. However, I kind of like the name, Tomi. But I guess Uncle Luis is right. I can talk about boats and things, like you. But I can't talk about people and money and clothes the way Mom and John and Consuelo can.

HOW I used to envy Consuelo those times you brought her home a present and she would throw her arms around you and almost scream, "I think you're just the most wonderful daddy in the whole wide world!" Mom could do that, too. And John could do it in his own way, slapping you on the back or putting his arm through yours. But I never could. I guess maybe that's why I never could tell you how I felt, Pop. Maybe you were never able to tell your father, either. I wish now I had asked you about that.

Well, that morning, I waited till you had gone to the shop and then I walked down after you. I walked slowly so you'd be well settled by the time I got there. I had finally decided to tell you about Consuelo. She was going to run off to Mexico with Bert Mellowes that night and get married.

I had no idea then that what I was going to learn at the shop that morning was far more serious than what I was on my way down to tell you. The elopement seemed like nothing after I learned the terrible news about you. But I've wanted for a long time to tell you about Bert Mellowes and Consuelo and the elopement, so I might as well tell you about them right now, and after that I'll come to what is most on my chest, and that's about you, Pop.

Mom knew about the elopement and

John knew about it. So did Uncle Luis. But they never told you. They never told me, either. I guess they figured us being sailors together, I might tell you. Mom thought it wonderful for Consuelo to get a husband who was smart and had money and a big cafe like Bert Mellowes. She was pretty sure when they came back you'd forgive them all.

I didn't like Bert Mellowes right from the start. He was always laughing too much, for one thing. And his teeth were too shiny, and his clothes were too fancy, and I didn't like that flashy red convertible he used to drive, either. Mom and Consuelo and John said I was just small town. Maybe I am, and if so, it's all right with me. And I guess people with Spanish blood have a tendency to like red, and shiny teeth, and people who laugh most of the time, but I don't. That laughing business, for example, never sounded on the level to me. There isn't that much to laugh about, I figure.

Also, when you have a paper route, you pick up odds and ends of inside information that other people don't get. Early in the morning, I used to see a lot of strange people leaving Bert Mellowes' place over the cafe, people I never saw before or afterward, and they didn't look regular to me. And besides, Jim Grady, the postman, and I are pals, and nobody knows more of what goes on in town than the postman, Pop, not even a druggist like you. Jim told me about Bert Mellowes' having a telephone bill of sometimes two hundred dollars a month from telephoning all over the United States, and especially to New York and Detroit and Chicago. He said he figured Mellowes was probably in some sort of racket. But nobody would listen to Jim.

Everybody loved Bert Mellowes like Mom did, from the Mayor and the Chief

of Police down, and they thought he was just a good-hearted rich restaurant man, as I guess they should have, seeing all the presents he gave them, including television sets. Bertie, they all called him. They thought Jim Grady was sort of cracked, like Mom and Consuelo thought I was.

When I told Mom I had an idea Bert Mellowes was no good, she told me I was too young to judge people, and that Bert Mellowes was kind and generous and good-natured, and Consuelo was lucky to know a man like that. There weren't men like him in Seaview, she said, and very few like him in all California, if any. He was going to give John a good job after he graduated from high school, Mom told me, and that made me look even more foolish.

I guess you never were wise to Bert Mellowes. But I must say, Pop, I was pretty proud of you that day he offered to build you a new shop, a shop much fancier than the one the chain store has. Mom's heart was all set on it, and John and Consuelo thought it wonderful. In one way, I suppose, they were right, Pop. You worked awful hard and awful long hours in that dusty little shop, without making much out of it.

But, anyway, I was pretty proud of you that day you turned down Bert Mellowes' offer.

I can still see his face when you thanked him and told him you were not in the store business, you were a chemist. But in a minute he was laughing and saying he thought that chemist sign you had over your shop couldn't be very good business in this day and age, and those big glass bottles of colored water in the window were a way out of date.

I can remember how nice you were with him, even though I had an idea you didn't like his laughing very much.



Sometimes Uncle would begin to talk to the bottle, just as if it were a human being

You told him all of the physicians in town, all the top ones, anyway, sent their important prescriptions to you to fill, and you felt that was the sort of good business you wanted. It was a responsibility, and it gave you a feeling you were doing something worth while. And so far as the big bottles in the window being out of date, you said that being out of date was sometimes being up to date.

He really listened when you told him how you used to get kelp on the beach and dry it and sell it to people who needed iodine in their systems, and how the chain store people laughed at you, but how now they've come around to seeing the need for iodine, so they put up the dried kelp in pills in fancy bottles and sell it at fancy prices, and call it an "iodine ration," as if that were something new. And you told him the same about a lot of other old remedies, like iron and calcium and sulphur, that the chain store sells now as if they were recent discoveries. I could see he was pretty surprised. He had never met anybody who was poor and still stuck up for his work, I guess. And, as I say, Pop, I was pretty proud of you.

I ALWAYS liked your dark shop with all those shelves with nothing but shiny bottles with the big labels on them. It always looked mysterious and important. I never told you, but that's what I want to do when I grow up, be a chemist like you. Unless I can go to Annapolis, the way we used to talk.

Of course, I was to blame for Bert Mellowes' meeting Consuelo, in the first place. I don't know if you know about that. Remember when he first came to town and bought the Bayside Cafe and turned it into a night club, he ran an ad in the *Monitor* saying, "Now the nights at Seaview will be as bright as the days"? Well, it made me mad, and I wrote him a letter telling him we liked the nights at Seaview the way they were, quiet and dark and starry, and it'd be a good idea if he kept on going to some other town, some bigger town, like San Diego.

He laughed a great deal at my letter, I guess, and when he found out I was the paper boy he thought it was a great joke. Later, he gave me a ship's clock for a present, but I gave it back. I liked it, but I wasn't going to take it from him. I told him so, and he started laughing. If I had only been big enough, I would have punched him right on the nose.

It was the next day that I was walking down Main Street with Consuelo and he drove up in that red convertible. I could see he was all eyes for Consuelo and was slowing down to a stop, and I tried to pull Consuelo into the Five-

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and-Ten to get her away. But she had seen the big red car and was all eyes for that, the way he was for her, and she wouldn't move. He gave me a big hello, and the next thing I knew he was talking and laughing with Consuelo. He drove her home, and that's how it all began.

I could have kicked myself many times after that, especially since Consuelo had begun to go out pretty regularly with young Dr. English, Dr. Evans' assistant, who came to the house when Mom had the flu and Dr. Evans was out of town. It was when he came to the house to see Mom that he met Consuelo, and it looked like a sure thing to me. It looked like a good thing, too. The Doc is kind of serious, but from listening to him I got an idea he takes his job the way you always said a Doc should take his job, like the Father up at the Mission takes his job. He had lots of offers to practice in Los Angeles as a heart specialist, but he came down to our little town so he could work general with people. I guess you know all this better than I do, seeing he is around the shop so much, but I don't think you knew about Consuelo and him. He's pretty much on the quiet side.

It was only the night before that morning I went down to the shop to see you, that I found out about Consuelo's going to run off with Bert Mellowes to Mexico. I'll tell you how I found out. It won't bother you now.

You never knew it, but for a long time, on many nights when you were working late at the shop, Uncle Luis would come to the house with a bottle of wine, sometimes two, and he would drink the wine and get very tipsy. He was Mom's favorite brother, and I guess that's why she never seemed to mind. He was a bachelor, she said, and he got lonely sometimes for a home. But what he really came for was to have me read to him. Yes, Uncle Luis, Pop. It's hard to believe, but that's why he came, for me to read to him. He'd bring all sorts of books, good books, too, like Shakespeare and Dickens and Edgar Allen Poe—he liked Poe especially—and he would give me fifty cents to read those books aloud to him. He liked sad stories best, and he would sit and drink wine while I read, and sometimes he would get big tears in his eyes, and sometimes the tears would fall in the wine in the glass. He couldn't read very well himself, but I think he knew almost every word of those books by heart. He

certainly would correct me quick enough if I missed a single line or made a mistake.

I never told you about Uncle Luis because I was afraid you'd be mad at him for getting tipsy there with me around. But I didn't mind. I liked to read to him, except sometimes when I read late and then went to bed, I saw all sorts of creeping things in the shadows, especially after reading Poe, and sometimes I would have dreams that frightened me.

Everybody in school used to wonder why I was so well read and how I knew so much about books, and why I used to write so well and win all the honors in English. Well, Pop, that was all from reading to Uncle Luis.

SOMETIMES, when I was reading and Uncle Luis had drunk a lot of wine, he would begin to talk to the bottle, just as if it were a human being. He'd make comments on what I was reading, and sometimes he'd get very confidential with the bottle and tell it what was on his mind or unload his troubles to it. He called the bottle "Lugo," though why I never knew, and the more he drank the more confidential and affectionate he became with the bottle. "Lugo," he'd say, "you're all I have. There're only two of us left, Lugo, you and me. We're going to have to stick together."

Sometimes he would tell Lugo about all the wealth his forefathers had, and about land stretching inland from the sea through the foothills to the desert, miles and miles of land given to his forefathers in the early days by the King of Spain. But the forefathers sold all the land and spent all the money.

"They were no good, Lugo," he'd say to the bottle. "They were selfish. They did not think of us. Now, I have to come to a stranger's home to drink my wine. Let us never be selfish, Lugo." Then he would cry into the wine. I know you don't like me to talk this way, Pop, but I think it could have been that Luis' forefathers were very much like Luis.

Sometimes, he would talk to Lugo about you, Pop, talk just as if I weren't even around. You are a stranger to him, and he doesn't understand you very well. He likes you, but he talks as if California is his country and you are a sort of visitor here. I think he sometimes wishes you had stayed back in Boston and not come to California and met Mom.

"Mr. Butler gets up early in the morning, Lugo, which no true son of California should ever do," he would tell the bottle. "And he walks through the orange groves, and along the roads lined with date palms, and through the apri-

cot trees in bloom, and he does not see them or smell them. He still blinks at our sunlight and refuses our wine. Mr. Butler is a stranger, Lugo. We must be kind to him." He always calls you Mr. Butler, Pop.

Well, that night before I went down to the shop, Uncle Luis came over with two bottles of wine. I was reading *Bleak House* at the time and was well into it, but he was in a happy mood and made me put *Bleak House* away and read *The Pickwick Papers* and especially the chapter where Sam Weller testifies at Mr. Pickwick's trial, a chapter which Uncle Luis knew almost by heart. I figured something good had happened to him, because when he started to talk to the bottle he didn't feel sorry for himself and didn't talk about the past and his forefathers and all those other stories he kept telling over and over.

This night, he began to talk about the future and what great plans he had. "We shall be wealthy and happy at last, Lugo," he told the bottle. "We have long been brave and are going to be rewarded."

AFTER he finished the first bottle of wine and had started the second, he began to talk of Bert Mellowes, singing his praises and saying what a fine husband Bert Mellowes would make and what a lucky girl Consuelo was, and I knew something was up. And then he said, "Soon, Lugo, after the boy and girl are one, he, the wealthy and jovial and generous, she, the lovely and kind, after heaven has looked down on their union, then will our hour come. We are to go to work for Mr. Mellowes, Lugo—or, as he, the generous one says, we are to work with him—and we will have gold jingling in our pockets, and we can hang gold pieces in our ears, if we wish, Lugo." And then he made a toast with a great glass of wine, saying "To tomorrow night, Lugo!" and I was pretty sure of what was happening.

He made more and more speeches, and his words got all jumbled up and crazy, but I could make out enough to be certain of what was going on. I guess he had forgotten I was there, or else he thought I knew what he knew. It was the next night that Consuelo and Bert Mellowes were going to elope to Mexico and get married.

The print blurred on the page, and I couldn't read any more. I said my eyes were tired. Uncle Luis was too full of wine to listen any more, anyway, and he babbled away to the bottle until it was almost empty. Then he took the bottle with what was left and went out, singing, with the bottle swinging from one hand.

I couldn't sleep that night, and I got

up and walked along the beach, as I told you, and then, finally, I decided to go down to the shop and tell you. I knew Mom thought she was doing the right thing and was sure you would agree with her after it was done. But I think I know you, Pop, in some ways better than Mom, we being so much alike.

Well, I never did get to tell you, and I guess you know why now.

I went into the shop and you were busy in back with a prescription. Dr. Evans and Dr. Hall, the X-ray man, were standing by the counter waiting for you, and talking in low voices. I went in behind the side counter, as I always do when I'm going in back to see you, and the counter was piled high with bottles the way it always is, so they didn't see me. I figured from the way they were talking in low voices they were talking about you, so I guess I had my ears cocked. Then, when I heard

• The mouth of a cannon is safer
than the mouth of a slanderer.

—Arab Proverb

what they were talking about, I stopped and stood still. I couldn't have moved if I'd wanted to.

Dr. Hall nodded back toward where you were, Pop, and asked Dr. Evans, "How long do you figure?" And Dr. Evans said "About four months, top." Then Dr. Hall shook his head very slowly and said, "I knew that from the pictures. Those stomach C.A.'s can get along pretty far before they give any notice."

I've listened to doctors in the shop talk long enough to know what C.A. meant, and I felt like someone had stuck a knife into my heart. I wanted to leave, but I couldn't move. I was frozen there.

Then, after they were still for a moment, Dr. Hall asked, and he was almost whispering, "Did you tell him?" Dr. Evans nodded, "Told him last week. Figured I ought to. He's pretty stable, and he's got a wife and three kids to think about." Dr. Hall nodded, "He's practically one of the profession, anyway. How'd he take it?" Dr. Evans answered, "Never batted an eye."

Then you came out from in back with a little prescription box in your hands, and you were smiling. "Here you are, Doctor," you said, "Doc Butler's own special formula." Dr. Evans took the box and said, "You ought to bottle it, John, and sell it on a large scale. You'd make a lot of money out of it." Dr. Hall nodded, "Yes, why don't you, Mr. Butler?"

Then you laughed kind of quietly to yourself, the way you usually do, and

you said, "Maybe I will one of these days."

Then they said good day and went on out. You watched them go out into the sunlight and you were still smiling. Then your smile left you, and I thought your face looked gray and tired. You leaned over the counter and rested your chin on your hands and kept looking out into the sunlight as if you were trying to get all the sunlight you could into your eyes.

I guess I must have watched you two or three minutes, and you couldn't see me, and then you went into the back of the shop again, and I tiptoed on out, and you never knew I was there. I don't remember much about the next few minutes. I kept repeating over and over what the doctors had said, trying to realize that you were going to die in a little while. But I couldn't make myself believe it, Pop. I tried to picture home and the shop and the town and the "Northwind" and the ocean without you, and I couldn't. I didn't think of Consuelo any more, or Bert Mellowes, or anything or anybody except you.

I went to the park and sat down on a bench, and people looked at me kind of funny as if I were sick. I guess my face must have been white. I sat and tried to make myself believe what I'd heard in the shop was something I had imagined, and everything today was going to be just like it was yesterday. But I couldn't. I knew in a few months the people would still be walking and sitting in the shade of the park, and the gulls would be wheeling and gliding up in the sunlight around the Community Church steeple, and the automobile horns would be honking on Main Street, and you wouldn't be here. I knew it, Pop, no matter how hard I tried to tell myself different. I knew it, and I was cold all over though it was a warm day, and I wanted to cry but I wouldn't let myself. Crying seemed awfully unimportant and useless right then.

I DON'T know how long I sat in the park. It must have been an hour or so, and then I went down to the beach and I walked and walked along the edge of the surf, but the ocean didn't help me the way it usually does. I knew the ocean would be there after you were gone, and the surf would be there, just as restless and just as white, and the "Northwind" would still be riding as easily at its mooring in the bay.

It must have been the middle of the afternoon when I got my bike from behind the shop and rode up to the Mission. I went in to church and tried to pray, but I couldn't. Most of my praying has always been for things like a new bike, or when I wanted to put on

thirty pounds so I could play football, or the time when you were thinking of buying the "Northwind" and I prayed that you would get it. But now, when I wanted to pray to keep you from dying, I couldn't find the words. I just knelt sort of numb, and kind of hoped, I guess, that my being in church on a sunny afternoon might help somehow.

Time passed without my knowing it and then suddenly the church was dark and the shadows of the palm trees were very long beyond the open side door, and on the other side of the church the stained glass windows were on fire from the sunset and I jumped up and ran for my bike and raced home. Why I raced home I don't know. All I knew was I had to get there.

When I went in through the kitchen door I heard Mom and Consuelo in the front room laughing together, the way they always do so you can't tell which is which. I stood still in the kitchen for a moment and listened to them, and then for the first time I remembered about Bert Mellowes and the elopement and why I had gone down to the shop to see you that morning. It all seemed years away, like something I remembered seeing when I was a baby. Then I heard John upstairs whistling. I listened a little while longer and then I went on through into the front room.

WHEN I walked into the front room and Mom saw me, she shut the suitcase which was open with clothes in it on the sofa and put the suitcase in the closet under the stairs where we keep the raincoats and umbrellas. She and Consuelo stopped laughing. My face must have looked strange to them; for they both watched me, sort of worried, as if they were afraid maybe I knew about the elopement. Nobody said anything, and then John, all dressed up to go out for the evening, came down the stairs, still whistling.

The moment John was in the room, I said, "Pop has cancer and is going to die." I hadn't planned to say it, but I knew you would be home in a few minutes, and somehow I felt it would be good for them to know about it right there and then and I just blurted it out.

Well, regardless of what Uncle Luis is, I guess, Pop, what he says about Spanish blood must have some truth in it, or else Mom's Spanish blood must be pretty good. Not one of the three said a word and I, thinking I knew them very well, had expected screaming and a whole lot of panic.

Mom sat slowly down on the sofa and slowly blessed herself. "No, Tomi. It can't be true. It can't be." Her voice broke a little, and I knew she was working hard to keep a grip on herself.

Then I told them what I'd heard at the shop that morning. "No, Tomi. No. It can't be true," Mom said again, but without hope now.

"Poor Pop," John whispered.

Consuelo began to sob, and then she stopped herself. "He's known for a week, and he's never said a word," she whispered.

John now sat down and stared at the floor. "And he seemed in better spirits the last few days than for a long time," he said. "I guess he's putting on an act so we won't suspect anything."

Now Mom began to cry, but very softly and mostly to herself. Then Consuelo began to cry, and in the same way.

"It's a tough break," John mumbled, "a tough break." And then he was sobbing, but trying hard to keep it to himself.

I guess I should have cried, too. But I couldn't. It wasn't till John had commented on it that I realized what a great thing you had been doing, Pop, keeping your terrible secret to yourself just to save us all trouble, and even pretending to be in fine spirits. And I filled up with pride and admiration, but I couldn't cry. I had an idea you wouldn't have liked it. I figured you were doing what you were doing to save us from crying.

The telephone rang. It continued to ring. Nobody cared, but after a while I went into the hall and answered it. It was Bert Mellowes.

Mom and Consuelo and John all looked in a kind of bewilderment at one another when I told them he was on the phone. Then Mom said to Consuelo, "Go tell him we'll have to forget about it. For some time, anyway."

Consuelo went put to the telephone and was back in less than a minute. Then I said to Mom, "We shouldn't let Pop know we know, Mom. What do you think?"

"Oh, no. Never," she answered quickly.

Just as she said that, you pulled up in the sedan and stopped in the driveway. You got out and came around to the front door. Mom and Consuelo quickly dried their eyes, and John blew his nose.

You came in that night as you'd always come in, smiling, with a little pat on Mom's cheek and a little squeeze for Consuelo, and saying, "And how are my two little girls tonight?" Then you looked John and me full in the face, still smiling, and said as you always said, "And how are the two men?"

You had come home many times from your little shop, I knew, with disappointment in your heart, and maybe even with despair in your heart, and you'd never changed, and now, tonight, you came home with death in your heart, as you'd been coming home for about a week, and you hadn't changed, either. Yup, you were tops.

We put on a pretty bad performance that night, and I guess if you hadn't had the worry of the shop on your mind at that time—you were hiring Mr. Higgins to help out (business had picked up, you said, but we knew it hadn't), and had to hurry back to show him the ropes—you'd have seen through us. John all of a sudden began to pretend he had a great interest in pharmacy and I saw you look at him sharply. You had always wanted him to study pharmacy and be with you in the shop, but he'd never listen to you. He wanted to be a salesman, he always said, and travel around from one big city to another. So, that night you were surprised, and you said, "I might take you up on that, John." Then you added with your little smile, "If the feeling you have doesn't blow over."

Mom waited on your hand and foot until I was sure you would suspect something, and Consuelo kept talking about you taking a long vacation, maybe even driving back to Boston, and I was more of a clam than usual, hardly being able to speak even when you asked me a question, and we all were so nervous and unnatural, it was a good thing, as I say, you had the shop and Mr. Higgins on your mind, or you'd have suspected something.

Later, as day after day and night after night we watched you dying, usually smiling and with never a moan or a complaint, we got to be much better at playing the game. The sight of you, carrying

(Continued on page 79)

Going Up!



► A mountaineer came into the city to see a lawyer. About an hour overdue, he appeared in the office. Puffing and panting, he sank into a chair.

"Sorry I'm late," he gasped, "but it's a darn long climb up them ten flights of stairs."

"Good grief," exclaimed the lawyer. "Why didn't you come up in the elevator?"

"I kinda wanted to," sighed the man from the hills, "but I just missed the dang thing!"

—Victor Hatch



H. Armstrong Roberts photos

All things to ONE MAN

That is the formula for being a happy wife.
Cutting corners doesn't work—I tried it. Then . . .

by MARY ELLEN HILL

SITTING in one of the uncompromisingly straight-backed chairs provided in the bare cell whimsically referred to as the "parlor" of the monastery, I awaited with composure the arrival of the enemy. Nor was I alone. With me in spirit were all the others who somewhat regretfully answer that question, "Occupation?" with, "Housewife."

For the legions of us would I speak up to this antagonizing mendicant who roamed through the world seeking the ruin and destruction of our recently won equal status. With constant neatly placed pot shots, this twentieth-century Saint Paul was wreaking havoc with women's emancipation from the strict confines of the home. So irritatingly sure was he of how we *should* feel, without regard to the influences which made us what we are. He would have us lightly shrug off the individuality of the single life and leap to the service of husbands who, when the honeymoon was over, hardly knew we existed except as chief cooks and baby burpers.

With all due respect to "the Cloth," I intended to set him straight. It didn't seem like too tough a proposition—fairly easy, in fact. All in all, he sounded in his writings like a Bible-thumping patriarch with a flowing beard and no compassion on the multitude; they sometimes fall fast before a dissenting opinion. This comfortable notion was so firmly set in my mind it was a considerable shock to find myself rising to greet, a long ten minutes later, a jaunty, dark-haired, snapping-eyed youngster of about thirty-five. *All the worse*, I thought. *He's young enough to understand this generation, but he's swallowed whole that old saw, "woman's-place-is-in-the-home."*

Twirling his hat with amazing ac-

curacy to a coathook, he apologized for keeping me waiting. Then plunking himself into a chair with a friendly grin, he took the wind out of my sails with "Come on, let's have it. Want to start with a cigarette?" Taken aback slightly at the open invitation to commit mayhem on his smug male opinions, I took a deep breath and poured it all out. In detail I expounded the unreasonableness of men, their insensitivity, the drudgeries that they presume women thrive upon, the deadly dullness of days filled with children's prattle, and no real adult companionship. Then after another breath I began on the unfairness of the childbearing system (in three years I had had two children) where the "whole burden falls on the woman. I continued with scalding remarks about the weakness of men whose vanity and ego had to be endlessly reinflated. Who was to bolster up a wife's vanity, I asked, *her* feeling of importance, when the whole system revolved around how to keep a man "happy, though married?"

SEX came in for its share of lambasting, too. I considered it one more part of the Big Trap. If you were natural and spontaneous in lovemaking—babies! If you were "careful" (we were using the Rhythm) there was no joy, just a well-planned performance carried to its logical conclusion and forgotten.

To all this, Father listened closely as he smoked several cigarettes, glancing at me occasionally with half-veiled twinkling eyes. When I slowed down, spluttered, and stopped, he asked, "Are you in love with your husband?"

For a minute I was stunned, though the reply came automatically, "Of course!"

"I mean really in love," he insisted. "Tell me about him—why you love him, if you do."

He had neatly put me on a personal defensive. I abandoned the attack; going much more slowly, I spoke of Tim. And as I spoke, thought, *Why, I must have made him seem like a brute!* Unconsciously I began to defend him, to tell how really wonderful he was, in every sense except one: that he didn't understand my personal needs. That thought warmed me again to the subject of man not understanding women at all!

FATHER John remarked, "Of course they don't—not half as well as women understand men. A woman can tell you what a man is going to do, and what excuses or reasons he will give himself for doing it long before the idea even comes into his head."

I stirred uneasily, grumbling, "That doesn't sound as though he gave things—or his wife—much thought; or, in fact, that he thinks much at all."

"He doesn't—about personal relationships. He lets them come more or less naturally, because it is a *woman's* nature to think of these things, not a man's. That's why it's up to you to make or break the whole happy relationship of marriage, to set the pace for him—and let him *know* what you want. Besides," he added with irony, "aren't you willing to make any compromises in this thing? Are you sure that Tim isn't just as disappointed in this marriage business as you are? What do you do to build him up? Anything?"

"Not a great deal," I confessed. I used to like to listen to his stories about things that happened at work, but lately I've been so tired evenings."

"Do the children nap in the afternoon?"

"Yes, always. They love their sleep. I wish I could get as much as they do."

"Why can't you? What is there to prevent you from taking a nap when they do? Surely you have your housework organized well enough by this time so that it doesn't take the whole day?"

"I guess I could—except that I just can't sleep in the daytime, even if I'm dead tired. I can't relax, my mind goes 'round and round.' Most of the time I read to take my mind off things, while the children are asleep. By dinnertime I'm ready to fall asleep myself. I don't feel much like listening to someone else's story then."

In exasperation, Father John threw up his hands. "You 'can't', you 'don't see why', you 'don't want to'. Listen! I'm tired of hearing you tell what you can't or won't do. I'm going to tell you what you will do, if you ever expect to get real happiness out of marriage and give your husband and children the kind of life they deserve. Get this, and get it straight. Do everything I tell you to do. Then, if in six months or less you still

think that a woman's life, properly lived, is a second-rate proposition, I'll never write or preach another word on the subject!"

I listened meekly while he outlined the plan.

"First, lead a normal sex life. Don't fool around with Rhythm. You have no serious reason to avoid children. Let your lovelife be natural. Babies will come. Let them. A home where love is abundant and affection spontaneous is a wonderful place for children—many children. Trust God to help you care for all He sends to you.

"Second, don't ever be too tired, either to listen, talk, or make love. Take that nap every afternoon. Don't say you 'can't'. If necessary, get ready for bed just as though it were nighttime. Get under the covers and then, if you wish, read awhile. I guarantee that within a month, if you tell yourself you are going to stay 'horizontal' for one or two hours whether you go to sleep or not, you will find yourself dropping off almost before you hit the pillow.

"Third, get up every morning with your husband. Have breakfast together before the children get up. Even if you

don't say a word to one another, this is a valuable compliment you can pay him. It will be practically your only time alone together. He'll appreciate it, whether he says so or not, because eating alone is a lonely business. Even if he just reads the morning paper, there's nothing to prevent you from reading your half, too.

FOURTH, keep up with the world. Don't tell me you haven't time—you said you read every day. If nothing else, listen to the newscasts on the radio as you do your chores. Few things will do more for your personal morale than knowing what's going on, or for your husband's continued interest in you as a person with whom he can discuss intelligently the important happenings of the day.

"Fifth, don't chatter. If Tim doesn't seem to take to small talk, or news of yours and the children's day, just give him a receptive, silent treatment. At first he'll expand with his own news as if there were nothing more important. Then he'll begin to wonder exactly what goes on when he's away; he'll start asking you.

"Sixth, go to Mass as often as you can—every morning, if possible. It will be a lesson in mortification to get up early. It will give you an hour of your own in the morning and will start the day right. It will bring you close to God, who made you a woman and understands your problems and feelings even better than you do. He'll give you the grace to do better as a wife and the strength to become a good mother. However, don't try to go every day if it will disrupt the whole house, for that isn't God's will. If possible, arrange a schedule that it will easily fit into.

"Last, do it now. Go home this evening a new woman. Sit on Tim's lap and smother him with affection. If he dumps you off and tells you you've gone crazy, admit it and tell him it's crazy about *him* you are. He'll believe it. Men are funny that way.

"One thing is forbidden. Feeling sorry for yourself *by* yourself, or with others who feel the same way. When you feel your strength and will petering out, say a prayer, call up a friend whom you know to be very happily married, and just talk. Don't talk to any gloomy-Gus man-haters. Remember, God made men, too, so there must be something worthwhile about us!

"Most of all, love. Love your husband. Love your children. Do things for them all the time. Encourage them to do things for you by showing appreciation.

"You don't know it, Mary Ellen, but you can make a little heaven on earth for your family and for yourself.



If a wife really works at it, marriage can mean more than being chief cook and baby burper for an insensitive male

It's your vocation, in fact. Can you turn it down?"

He had finished his instruction. I was just beginning. I took my leave with his blessing and a laugh following me down the stairs and across the lawn in front of the monastery where I'd kept the appointment. At the time I really thought, *It can't work. Or if it can, I haven't got the courage to make it work. One thing I am certainly short on is endurance.*

Still, I had promised to try, and only a day at a time. So, I tried.

That was three years ago.

First thing out the window was Rhythm. We had our third child, tsK, tsK, sixteen months after the second; the fourth, twenty-one months after the third. Those children have been pure joy, being the simple fruit of God's and our love.

SECOND thing out was afternoon reading. I took a nap instead and loved the refreshed second beginning each day had. Not only that, but I could still read late at night with my husband.

Third to go was sleeping till my husband left for work, then getting up with the children. I found the morning walk, the silent church, the union with God at daily Mass, the most wonderful start days ever had. And an unhurried breakfast with a stunned husband followed by lone coping with the children after he left was much easier for all of us.

Fourth, I listened to the newscasts and found, to my surprise, they were interesting. I also confess without shame that I took to soap operas. They effortlessly kept me from thinking too much about me, or ironing, or washing, or scrubbing.

Fifth, I learned *more* about the office! So much that I knew everyone's name whom I met later at company parties. I learned to enjoy Tim's talk of what his job was like; he has always enjoyed telling about his day. Likewise, he began to be more interested in the children and me because we were interested in him. It actually worked!

As I said, this was all over three years ago, and I am not the girl who stalked into the reception room with fire in my eyes. The changes which came into our lives as a result of actually working at happiness have left me with the certainty that being a "helpmeet" is woman's glory and honor and salvation. More than that, it's her *niche*, and she'll always be a square peg elsewhere; that is, not catering to the needs of others and touching their lives with gentleness.

I know it works. I did it. And from now on, my delight shall continue to be, being *all* things to *one* man!



FOOTBALL'S SPOILS OF VICTORY

by **DICK J. STEDLER**

PERHAPS it's the change in the weather or just a way of letting off a final blast of steam before the frigid winds of winter arrive. Whatever the case, scores of students and alumni at many of our American universities and colleges are presently working up an acute attack of delirium over such seemingly inconsequential bric-a-brac as oaken buckets, brown jugs, old shoes, cowboy hats, axes, bells, turtles, and other such incidentals.

Surely you've heard of the historic Little Brown Jug. This fifteen-cent earthenware jug of yesteryear vintage is a priceless prize to rooters of Michigan and Minnesota football fortunes. It has been changing hands for almost fifty years: actually since 1903 when Fielding H. Yost, immortal Wolverine coach, left it behind in the Minnesota Clubhouse where it was found by Oscar Munson, Gophers' janitor, who suggested that the "jug Yost left" be returned when the Wolverines won it back. Michigan let the issue ride until 1909 when the two schools met again. The Wolverines came through with a 15-6 triumph, marking the real birth of her rivalry for the now-noted piece of pottery.

Possibly the most interesting and unusual trophy is a duplicate of a buffalo nickel, coveted by the fervent followers of the University of North Dakota and North Dakota State. Approximately 25,000 times larger than the popular buffalo nickel, it is made of an aluminum alloy, weighs 70 pounds, is 2½-inches thick, with a diameter of 22 inches. The Indian head portrays a Sioux, nickname of the University elevens, while the bison symbolizes the nickname of State's athletic squads.

Another topnotch touchdown trophy is the Old Oaken Bucket, object of glory for the winner of Purdue-Indiana's annual vendetta. While the Boilermaker-Hoosier rivalry dates back to 1891, the Oaken Bucket led an

insignificant life until it became the goal of victory in 1925.

Ever hear of an Illibuck? Or have you ever seen one? Well, back in 1925 the undergraduates of Ohio State and Illinois selected a turtle as a perfect pigskin specimen to spark the rivalry between their respective football forces. That year the turtle, chosen for its reputed longevity, traveled to Columbus in a suitcase. After watching the great Red Grange run roughshod over the Buckeyes in his last college performance for the Illini, he (the turtle, not Grange) was returned to Illinois. He spent the rest of the year in the basement of a fraternity house where, ironically, he suddenly succumbed. His successor was a wooden replica which, overburdened with scores, gave way to Illibuck III.

At Stanford, the Axe is the glorious token of triumph in the annual Stanford-California gridiron grapple. The Axe was forged by Stanford students in 1899 to lend authenticity to the old yell that began, "Give 'Em the Axe." It made its first public appearance at a Stanford-California baseball game. In 1933, it was agreed by authorities of both schools that the Axe would be the symbol of their big football game each year.

Among other pigskin prizes that inspire rivalries are: a victory bell, California vs. U.C.L.A.; miniature silver goal posts, Duke vs. North Carolina; beer keg, Tennessee vs. Kentucky; old football shoe, Bucknell vs. Temple, Ohio U. vs. Miami U; megaphone, Notre Dame vs. Michigan State; tomahawk, Illinois vs. Northwestern; cannon, Purdue vs. Illinois. And so it goes!

Who knows? Next time you have a chance, take a look around your attic or cellar. Perhaps you'll find something there which your Alma Mater, real or synthetic, could put to practical use as a traditional trophy for those thrilling touchdown runs. How about it?



Jane Wyman and Richard Carlson in the highly emotional film, "The Blue Veil"

STAGE and SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

"Lace on Her Petticoat"

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT, a treatise on class distinctions in the Scotland of 1860, started the theatrical season off in wavering style. With the best of intentions and often some trenchant writing, the dramatist tells of the misunderstandings and complications which result from a ridiculously rigid caste system. The principal figures are two teen-age girls summering on an island off the Scottish coast. One belongs to the aristocracy, the other is the daughter of a milliner. Their friendship comes to an unhappy end when the middle-class miss is barred from her titled friend's birthday party. The girl's widowed mother and grandmother, while the victims of snobbery, are meanwhile displaying their own brand of intolerance in dealing with an outspoken dock worker and his young niece, whose hair, we are told, needs a strong application of tar soap. While there are some vigorous arguments against unnatural caste systems and passages of really distinguished writing by Mrs. Aimee Stuart, the play lacks sufficient power to overcome its soggy sentimentality and arid stretches. Two young actresses, Patsy Bruder and Perlita Neilson, are excellent as the breathless adolescents.

Neva Patterson, Muriel Aken, and Jeff Morrow are also splendid as the grown-ups involved in a concurrent example of futility.

"The Blue Veil"

Jane Wyman's remarkable performance is the outstanding element in the success of THE BLUE VEIL, a sentimental study of frustrated mother love. It will find great favor with those ladies in the audience who enjoy their movies on the damp side. Miss Wyman is seen first as a young mother whose baby dies two days after birth. Alone in the world, her husband having been killed a few months previously in World War I, she takes a job as a child's nurse. It is the first of many such positions, and in each one she lavishes love and care on the children just as if they were her own. Through the years and a succession of self-sacrifices, she goes on nobly subordinating her own desires until old age ends her usefulness. Though no longer acceptable as a nurse, she takes a post as a school janitress just to be near youngsters. In an emotional climatic scene "her children,"

are adequate in this suspenseful flight of fancy. Adults who follow the cosmic comics and burn the midnight oil on their fictional flights to outer space will probably give this rapt attention. (20th Century-Fox)

Despite familiar trappings, **CROSSWINDS** is a sturdy and interesting adult adventure yarn. Against the background of a New Guinea jungle, the action spins along with some originality, considerable excitement, and a lush Technicolor backdrop. The fact that it was produced in Florida and not the South Pacific will be of little moment to the vicarious thrill seeker. John Payne, Rhonda Fleming, and Forrest Tucker portray traditional roles with determination and sincerity. (Paramount)

Whimsy of another sort is the basis of a slight comedy called **YOU NEVER CAN TELL**. In it a German shepherd dog is bequeathed a fortune, dies of strychnine poisoning, goes to an animal heaven, and there receives permission to return to earth as a human detective in order to track down his killer. In human form he is Dick Powell, a "private eye" with a curious predilection for dog biscuits, and a secretary who had once been a champion filly. Scattered laughs and good farce performance by the players make this more palatable than a sketchy outline of the plot would seem to indicate. (Universal-International)

Suspense and comedy combine efficiently in **NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY**, an adult tidbit starring James Stewart. The pace is occasionally uneven, but Stewart's work as an eccentric scientist striving to convince authorities of a structural defect in a transport plane is strong enough to sustain interest. Marlene Dietrich, as a fellow passenger on the doomed ship, plays in her usual monotone, but Glynis Johns lends a bright note as the stewardess. Crisp dialogue and the Stewart polish carry this through. (20th Century-Fox)

Starkly realistic and progressively tense, **THE WELL** weaves two story lines into a taut and absorbing adult production. One part is based on the remembered rescue of Kathy Fiscus, who was trapped in a California well. The other attempts to handle a touchy racial issue in semidocumentary style. The little girl who falls into a deserted well is a Negro child, and when she is first missed, suspicion falls on a local white man who had been seen with her. Rumors fan the flame of a race riot until it is learned that the girl has fallen into the abandoned well. Then, the two groups unite in an effort at rescue. Both themes are difficult, but have been developed here with a neat combination of restraint and suspense. (United Artists)

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL carries with its science-fantasy suspense, a message for peace. It brings a space ship and a messenger from another planet, where civilization has reached a higher level than our own. The spaceman tries to warn world leaders that unless atomic and rocket developments are guided toward peaceful objectives, the earth will be destroyed by other planets as a menace to universal security. He even manages to neutralize the world's electrical power for a time as evidence that it can be done. Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe

CLOSE TO MY HEART treats of the problems faced by a young couple anxious to adopt a baby. After failing through the usual channels, they manage to secure a child who had been a ward of the court. Their happiness is short-lived,³¹ however, when they learn that the child's real father is a condemned murderer. After the expected debate concerning heredity and environment, all ends on a mistily happy note. Gene Tierney, Ray Milland, and Fay Bainter try unsuccessfully to raise this above the maudlin level of the script. (Warner Bros.)

Red Skelton's nonsense is the highlight of TEXAS CARNIVAL, a bright musical in which Esther Williams swims, Howard Keel sings, and the Lone Star State comes in for the usual spoofing. An amusing and colorful routine, it comes to



Red Skelton and Esther Williams do a little eavesdropping in the Technicolor musical, "Texas Carnival"

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life whenever Skelton skids across the screen with his standard buffooneries. Capped by a wild chuck-wagon race, this Technicolor comedy can be described as slapstick at its best. (M-G-M)

Genghis Kahn rides again in **THE GOLDEN HORDE**, a swashbuckling Technicolor recreation of his thirteenth century depredations. Intrigue, romance, pageantry, and wild adventure flash across the screen as a band of Crusaders leads the fight against the Mongol invader in ancient Persia. Ann Blyth is a captive Princess, David Farrar is the man from the West, and Marvin Miller sports a villainous expression as the Kahn. Designed for the adult audience. (Universal-International)

Undersea action provides most of the highlights in **SUBMARINE COMMAND**, filmed in co-operation with the United States Navy. Although the plot is often unconvincing in dealing with the misgivings of a naval officer, the scenes of sea conflict compensate for the pedestrian passages in the script. William Holden is cast as a submarine com-

mander reactivated for service in Korean waters. A decision he made during World War II which had cost the life of two men is the basis of an inner conflict which has caused him to doubt his ability and courage and brought about a separation from his wife. Back in action off Korea, his heroism saves the lives of some two hundred prisoners and clears up his own confusions. But it is the action, rather than the characterizations or plot, which marks this above the general run of war tales. William Holden personalizes the commander, and Don Taylor, Nancy Olson, and William Bendix are acceptable in support. Added action and less talk would have made this adult adventure more entertaining. (Paramount)

In line with the current popularity of incredible tales, it is only natural that a movie version of the Edwin Balmer-Philip Wylie classic, *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*, should materialize. Produced in Technicolor with considerable imagination and inventiveness, the story is one which will hold adult attention even though it is cut from whole cloth.



William Holden and William Bendix appear in "Submarine Command," filmed in co-operation with the U. S. Navy

illness. At least not if the mail we receive is any barometer. Among the foremost complaints from the public are the flagrant lack of decency in much motion picture advertising and the callous disregard of moral standards by too many headlined motion picture figures.

In regard to the advertising campaigns conducted in behalf of many recent releases, the industry alone is responsible. There is no placing of blame on television, inflation, or war scares in such cases. Rather than attract the majority of movie-goers, salacious advertising is keeping them out of theaters. This constant stressing of sex as Hollywood's major commodity is doing more to keep audiences at home than the industry apparently realizes. If we have reached the stage of cultural decline where mystery stories, war pictures, even movies of a religious nature, have to be advertised in lurid, suggestive terms, then it is later than we think.

Perhaps there are some who went to see the recent version of *Fabiola* because of the advertising campaign which termed it the story of a "Goddess of Love in a City of



Scene from "When Worlds Collide," screen version of an incredible tale by Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie

It begins when a group of scientists discover that a new star and a planet are approaching the earth and will cause its destruction. It fades out as a group of selected earth people start a new life on the planet to which they have fled by rocket. In between are some graphic scenes of catastrophe as the earth quivers and quakes. Technically, this is an intelligently developed blend of action, suspense, and sheer fancy. (Paramount)

"Movietime U.S.A."

In an effort to reactivate public interest and counteract the bad publicity received by many stars, Hollywood is embarking on a year-long public relations campaign. Under the title, *Movietime, U.S.A.*, the industry is planning to blanket the country with celebrities, to sponsor rallies, and in general to make Americans movie-conscious again.

Undoubtedly the campaign will have a salutary effect in filling those empty theater seats, and we wish the industry success. We would like to point out, however, that ballyhoo and glamour are not the only prescriptions for Hollywood's

Sin!" I've a strong feeling that a much larger percentage stayed away for the very same reason. That case can be repeated a hundred times a year. In fact, it is the unusual advertising campaign that doesn't underscore such aspects of a picture. If they aren't present, some enterprising copywriter will dream up a few!

Hollywood has long fought what it considers "harmful reporting." The industry has stated that there are too many people sniping at movies and too much unjustified criticism. Perhaps in the final analysis the most harmful of all motion picture criticism is that which Hollywood itself prepares and pays for—the advertisements in your newspaper and mine.

Spontaneous reaction to such recent movies as *The Great Caruso*, *Bright Victory*, *Here Comes the Groom*, and *Show Boat* indicates that there is a wide audience ready and waiting for Hollywood's best efforts. Americans will always be movie-conscious, provided the movies are well made and honestly sold. They do resent being drenched with suggestive displays and told that each new picture is "sultry, sexy, and sophisticated." They only ask that it be good!

For Harry and his accomplices, this
was the day of the big pay-off.
But one can pick up a fortune on a clever
deal and still be the loser

by

LESLIE GORDON BARNARD



I SAT there drumming my fingers on the desk, expecting Joe to call me. A call came through, but it was Sue to say she was expecting me home for lunch and what about Bobbie's football. I told her I'd get it, and I went out to Lordly's Sports Shop and got it, because when you're tensed up a thing like that helps. The kid had wanted a football for his birthday and—with things on my mind—I'd forgotten, but he had my promise.

I walked through the outer office with the deflated pigskin under my arm and Miss Tracy said, "Mr. Gill called. Shall I call him back?" I told her yes, and she put the call through to my office. This is it, I thought. This is it. I felt a cold little feeling, at the pit of my stomach. Maybe the first time is the hardest.

"Harry," Joe Gill said, "Wilf can make it for eleven-thirty at my office. That okay with you?"

I said it would be okay. I hung up and lit a cigarette and my hand shook a little. Now, listen, I told myself, look at all you and Wilf and Joe have put into this. And who'll know anything about it? Even Sue. "What our wives don't know," Joe had warned, "won't hurt them. You know what women are." But it was queer, because Sue and I hadn't many secrets from each other. Not that I could have told her.

When I went out, I said, "I won't be back before lunch, Miss Tracy."

It wasn't far to Joe Gill's wholesale lumber office, so I walked. I went down past the postoffice and Kendall's Drugstore—which George Kendall still held on to by a lessening thread—and past St. Mary's Church which is by the park. The leaves were beginning to fall and the new young trees looked pretty immature to face a winter. In the middle was the big old house where old man Wanklyn had lived all his life until toward the end, the town moving in about his acres of ground with residential streets and, on the lower side by

the tracks, a slum area, a local skid row. Joe Gill used to play cribbage with him every Thursday evening until old Mrs. Mole, the housekeeper, died, when relatives came and took the old man protesting away. It was for Joe he'd sent later; just a week before his own passing. A sign said, "Wanklyn Memorial Park." I could see the bandstand, the teeter-totters and sandboxes and slides, the baseball diamond and the field.

When I got to Joe's lumber office, Wilf was already there.

"We're drinking to old man Wanklyn's memory," Joe said. "Here's to him!" and Wilf said, "Here's to him; may he rest in peace!" and they drank.

I sat there thinking of George Kendall. George had been drinking the day of the opening of Wanklyn Park; the day the mayor made his speech and they took our pictures for the papers.

Joe said, "Well, boys, they got their park."

"They sure did," Wilf said.

"You know something?" I said. Remember the day they opened the park? George Kendall was drunk."

"When isn't he?" Wilf wanted to know. "I'm sorry for that kid of his."

"What about George?" Joe asked me.

I said, "He came up to me after they'd taken those pictures for the papers. He prodded me on a vest button and said, 'And how much did you make out of it, Harry?'"

"So what?" Joe said. "Nobody pays any attention to George."

"It made me feel queer." I said.

"Now look," Joe put it to me. He spread his hands. "Review the whole thing sensibly. Old man Wanklyn sends for me because I've played cribbage with him Thursdays for donkey's years. He says, 'Joe, these so-and-so relatives of mine are sitting waiting for me to die so they can make the snatch.' Then he gives me this whistling big check and says go get it certified—but quick, and

will I see it's all spent on making the old place into a park for the kids, and his notary will look after the deeds. He leaves it all in my hands, but says he'd like me to associate with me a couple of others and pick whom I chose. So I pick you fellows, and don't let anybody say we didn't make a job of it, even if the old man didn't live to see it. Look what the papers said about us," Joe said, and he hauled out the clippings, the mayors speech and all.

"Forget it," Wilf said. "We know all that."

Joe helped himself to another drink. He went and opened a private compartment in the safe.

"Well, there they are," he said. "There are the babies. Yours, Wilf. Yours, Harry. And mine. After all, we did a pretty swell job."

"That's how I look at it," Wilf agreed.

Joe said, "Put them in your safe-deposits a while, boys, and let 'em lie. Let the coupons sprout a bit."

I said, "I can't forget George Kendall."

"For Pete's sake," Wilf pleaded.

I got up: I said, "Look, Joe, remember the wading pool for the little kids that we had to cut out. Well, this is it." I pushed the bundle of bonds toward him.

"Are you crazy?" Joe said.

"Up to now," I said.

"Well, what the . . ." Joe said.

"For crying out loud," Wilf said again.

"You can announce," I told Joe, "that somebody's come across with this, anonymously, for the wading pool."

I walked out. I went back to the office because now I wouldn't have to take time at the safe-deposit.

Miss Tracy said, "I thought you wouldn't be back."

"A deal fell through," I said.

When I got home to lunch, I said, "Here's the football, Sue."

"That's fine," Sue said.

"Where is he?"

LESLIE GORDON BARNARD, Canadian writer, has written fiction for many leading publications. He has also published a novel and two volumes of short stories.

A WORD

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

"He hasn't got home yet," Sue said. "I thought he'd break his neck getting here today, he was so excited, hoping you'd bring it. Maybe we better start."

We sat down and started. I thought how Joe and Wilf would be lunching together and calling me a fool.

"Where in the world is that boy?" I said.

Sue was looking a bit worried; she got up to see if he was coming, but he wasn't. We waited a while more and then both got up to see if he was coming. He was. Down the road. Very slowly. We both stared, and Sue's fingers gripped my arm.

What we saw was a small boy who looked as if he'd been bumped by a two-ton truck. His school books were torn and muddy. One sleeve of his wind-breaker was hanging. His left eye was swollen and he kept dabbing at a still bleeding cut in his lip.

He stood there eying Sue and me, drawing the back of a grimy hand across his bloodied mouth. He said, almost apologetically, "The guy was bigger'n me. I had to fight him."

"Who was he?" I demanded angrily.

"Bill Kendall," Bobbie said.

I had that funny cold feeling at the pit of my stomach again. George Kendall's boy.

Bobbie said, "I—I told him he—he couldn't say those kind of things about my father. I told him you just weren't that kind of a guy." He looked at me then, straight in the eyes; maybe he thought I was too quiet, maybe a faint panic was growing in him. He said slowly, "You—you haven't kept any of the money for yourself that old man Wanklyn gave for the park, have you, dad?"

I heard Sue's breath catch.

"No son," I said.

Two words.

They cost me five thousand dollars apiece. I figure they were worth it.



"You can announce that somebody's come across with this for the wading pool." I walked out



What they could have done with a pneumatic drill!

Monsignor Sandhog

NOWADAYS, the Church honors a man by dressing him in purple haberdashery and giving him the title "Monsignor," which means "My lord." But there was a time when she elevated him by tricking him out in overalls and putting a pick and shovel in his hand.

His rank was not then described by the solemn name "Domestic Prelate," but by the beautifully plebeian one "Ditch Digger." The Latin word for it, *fossor*, would sound more foreign, and therefore more dignified. But to the Roman it meant the same down-to-earth thing that ditch digger means to us. It meant a man who burrowed into the ground like a great oversized rabbit, covered with smudges of soil and bending to the rhythmic clang of excavating tools.

The amazing thing about the Ditch Digger is that he was a Church official as truly as a Monsignor or a Cardinal is today. Only, instead of being in the white-collar class as official advisor or personal servant of the Pope, he was a kind of official roustabout for the harried Bishop of Rome, a hand-shovel architect of the holes in which the Early Christians hid or were buried.

From the beginning, the Church has been fussy about the body of the Christian who has gone home to God. Literally, that body is nothing but a residue of organic chemistry like cut grass or crude oil. But symbolically it is a ruined temple of the Holy Spirit, a palace where God once lived as the guest and servant of the soul—a relic of God, like the house of Nazareth or the holy manger where the Christ Child lay.

Therefore, as a mother tucks a child in bed for a short nap, the Church wanted to lay her departed ones solicit-

ously in the ground to await the great restoration.

But she needed somebody to do the digging—and in those days it was hard digging. The Christians had been driven underground by drunken Roman joyboys who sported the title "Emperor." All common religious life had to be exercised in galleries

cut into the volcanic rock under the floor of Rome.

In these galleries the faithful gathered for Mass and the Sacraments. This was their Church—the most sacred place in the world for them. And here they buried their dead. But the digging was done by these important, if not ornamental, sandhog prelates, the Fossors.

They were not the kind of functionaries you would invite to grace the stage at a commencement exercise. At least, not in their robes of office, which would probably be dungarees with a bandanna cravat. And you wouldn't find them seated in a public box next to pagan clergymen at Roman V-day parades.

But, could those guys dig! And what a job they did in three hundred years! They would first sink a stairway to a depth of close to fifty feet. At that depth they would level off into a gallery which might be thirteen feet high and about five feet wide. Eventually the catacomb might be four levels deep, with a whole labyrinth of galleries branching off from the main ones. In those three hundred years, these subway clergymen did enough tunneling to run a gallery from Boston to Pittsburgh, or from Kansas City to Denver. Given a second hand bulldozer or an old-fashioned steam shovel, they might have connected Rome directly with the Brooklyn-Battery tunnel.

Of course, the galleries did not represent all of the digging. There were also graves, about two million of them. These were dug in the wall of the galleries. A compartment long and broad enough would be scooped out, the body would be deposited in it, then the niche would be sealed with a marble slab.

For important people, like Popes and civic officials, a more elaborate entombment would be provided. The niche would be arched, and a marble coffin would be placed in it like an altar. So, these galleries were literally walled with the bones of the Saints.

But the Fossors had to be more than muscle men. They couldn't just close their eyes, swing their picks, and hum a chorus like *Old Man River* or *The Volga Boatman*. It would be embarrassing to burrow by mistake right into Nero's bedroom, or to surface under a poker table in the Gestapo headquarters. So they had to know a thing or two about surveying. They had to know a little about construction engineering too, to make sure that some poet's outdoor swimming pool didn't come crashing through the roof at high Mass.

And they had to be artists. The death of dear ones was as much of an emotional jolt to the rugged Christian heroes of those days as it is to us. And the wound drove them to all kinds of wistful acts of remembrance and regard. There would be touching messages to be cut into the marble slab that covered the remains of a dead child or mother or husband or slave. Or someone would want to pretty-up the stone casing with a symbol of Christian hope and reunion, such as a lamb or an angel or a Christ figure. He would simply arrange with one of these Fossors to drop his pick and shovel for a while and get out his hammer and chisel.

It was all the same to them. They were the bellhops and houseboys and maintenance men of the first Christian Underground. The Pope and his priests celebrated Mass and preached and administered the Sacraments. But if there was any item of housekeeping to be done in the cellar of Rome, the Fossors were the ones who were called upon.

Occasionally their work carried them out into the fresh air. For they were, among other things, both undertakers and pallbearers. Christians, sensing that their time was up, did not shuffle into the catacombs to expire beside their burial plot out of consideration for over-

Ditch diggers were dignitaries in the early Church. Their qualifications were big biceps and a kind heart. They officiated with a spade

by MARTIN TANSEY



When bouncers were needed, they filled in nicely

worked Fossors. They consulted their own convenience and died at home in bed, perhaps on the other side of town. These amazing tinkers took over at that point, and guaranteed as dignified a funeral as could be managed.

Apparently, everything that could be remotely related to grave-digging was dumped on their sturdy and saintly shoulders. They had to take over what was really a subterranean real estate agency. If someone wanted to buy burial space for his aging bones, he selected a spot and then went around to purchase the deed from the Fossor.

And what do you think would be a principal consideration in choosing a grave? It would be proximity to a martyr's tomb. The martyrs were enormously respected. They were the champs, the All-Americans, the high scorers on the applause meters. A mere confessor felt like a bobby-soxer at a stage door. If he couldn't shake hands with his "idol" or snag an autograph, he could at least lay his bones nearby to show he would have liked to. Or—he could try.

All kinds of mild, pious cheating seems to have been used in these deals. Identification marks were scratched off martyrs' graves to trick the Fossor into some desirable oversight that would land the purchaser next to the martyr. Probably, bribes were not unknown—a promise to bake a cake, or melting looks from Christian maidens who have always been as pretty, persuasive, and disturbing as any others.

YOU might think these indomitable utility men could at least take time off while religious services were being held. But they couldn't. They merely went into another routine. They became a sort of house detective and made sure that nosy pagans who might cause trouble did not get in. Doubtless they knew a few commando stunts in case any of these pagan playboys became frolicsome.

Of course, there were things that tried their patience and made them consider sneaking out for a few snorts at the corner tavern. Things like trying to thread a loaded wheelbarrow through

a bunch of women standing in a five-foot aisle discussing little Alma's whooping cough or little Victor's measles. Or having some wise guy grin down a new shaft at them and invite them out for a long walk after they put their tools away and shaved up. To discourage such obstructionist tactics, they may have developed an eloquent look of tired disgust. But they kept right on digging.

Practically their whole adult life was spent under ground. Imagine the stuffiness down there, the suffocating stench of decay that must frequently have seeped out of imperfectly sealed tombs. But as long as people died, these energetic Christian gophers had to dig, no matter how inadequate the air conditioning.

When they themselves turned in their spade and went to God, it seems they were interred near the entrance of the catacomb. We cannot discover whether any of them were named "George."

But an unkind critic might say that the very act of burying them was a final act of imposition, conceived in a spirit of "Let George do it."

Placing the Fossor's wilted old carcass right there was like charging him to keep a heavenly eye on things and help out with a little spiritual leg work now and then. The mere fact that he had laid his body aside was no reason why his spirit shouldn't do some occasional sprinting.

For, after all, the Fossor was a sort of glorified usher. And where should an usher be but at the door, ready to lend a hand?

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS



They had to know surveying—to avoid the mistake of burrowing right into Nero's bedroom or his Gestapo headquarters



Heroic Christ

Christ did not use His Divine Power to roll back the sea of pain which overwhelmed Him in His Passion

by **BERTRAND WEAVER, C. P.**

IN a recent article in *THE SIGN*, we had some harsh words to say about the spreading of vapid pictures which misrepresent the Strong Christ of the Gospels. We recalled the towering strength that Our Lord manifested during His public ministry. If the picture is to be rounded out, however, we must recount the even greater strength that He showed during His Passion.

That penetrating convert writer, Michael Kent, has observed that Christ could never have undergone the Passion if He looked as the dabblers of the saccharine school of pietistic art portray Him. The fact is that Christ is the greatest Hero who ever lived.

Perhaps we have not been accustomed to speaking of Our Lord as a Hero, because the term has been somewhat misused. But nobody who has thought deeply about the Passion can fail to realize the unsurpassable heroism of His deliberate immersion in the ocean of human agony. Amos Wilder caught a glimpse of this truth when he wrote:

That none
Might claim before Him to know well
The tranced tortures of some deeper
hell,
Or cast reproachful glances from a
fiercer cross,
Asking in vain for faith in some more
helpless loss. . . .

Here we meet another problem in religious art. There are crucifixes of gold, silver, and bronze, crucifixes carved from wood and marble, and crucifixes fashioned from less desirable materials. Some of these crucifixes are not only great works of art, but also deeply moving representations of the central event in human history. At the same time, can it be questioned that many crucifixes tend to blur our understanding of what the Crucifixion meant to the Son of God? It was no golden Christ who hung from the Cross. No Christ of silver or bronze. No Christ of wood or marble.

THE Christ who hung on the Cross was a Christ of flesh and blood, a living Christ, a Christ who was God indeed, but also Man. He was human in the same sense in which we are. And it was just as hard for Him to hang there, the life's blood pouring from His four gaping wounds, as it would be for us to undergo a similar ordeal.

His Passion was not forced on Him. He embraced it heroically. Isaias, writing under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, says that He was offered because He willed to be. If there was any force involved, it was that of His infinite love for our fallen race.

There are those who probably think that because He was God, it was easier for Him to submit to what Cicero called the cruelest and blackest of torments, a form of execution which pagan Rome considered so inhuman that she forbade its infliction on any Roman citizen, no matter how great his crimes. But His agony and prayer in Gethsemani proved that He did not use His divinity to roll back the cruel sea of pain which was bearing in on His humanity.

Under the olive trees, the whole of His Passion doubled back on His oppressed human soul. Even before the band that was sent to apprehend Him had left the residence of the high priests, He felt the searing kiss of treachery on His cheek. His heart was already heavy with the knowledge that the Apostle to whom He had given so many signs of trust and love was about to disown Him. As He knelt in prayer, the spittle was already on His face, the blasphemies in His ears.

The three Apostles who were only a stone's-throw away saw so little that was unusual as the moonlight fell through the trees that they went to sleep. There was no sleep for the Hero of the world's greatest tragedy. He saw the leering faces of spite, and scorn, and disbelief in the courts of Caiphas, Pilate, and Herod. And the averted cowardly glances of fair-weather followers.

The Apostles sleep on while His agony mounts. The longer we consider it, the more we are convinced that, instead of lessening His suffering, His possession of divinity increases it. If He had not been God, His experience in the olive grove could not have been what it was. Only because He was divine did He know in such detail what awaited Him.

The vision of the Passion progresses. The burning sting of the scourges is now on His back. The sickening pain of the thorns is in His head. The weight of the cross is on His shoulder. He recoils from the panting, stumbling journey to Calvary. After all this, how can His human nature bear to think about the brutal climax on the hill of shame? The driving of the nails, the cruelty of being held in one unrelieved position for three hours, the feeling of thirst and suffocation. It seems to be too much even for the heroic Christ. The blood starts breaking through the pores, and He cries out for the removal of the chalice which is being pressed to His lips. But, after showing His human revulsion, His heroism rises, and He tells His Father that He is ready for the actuality.

WE speak of the heroism with which a soldier goes into battle, but the soldier at least has the hope he will come out alive. We also describe as heroic a man who plunges into the sea to save another from drowning, but one who acts in this way does so with the conviction that he will not only save himself but the one who is drowning. When Our Lord entered upon His Passion, however, He knew that the final outcome would be His agonized death on the Cross.

The heroism of Christ is highlighted also by the fact that He was innocent with the innocence of God. It is hard to be put to death when one is innocent. A criminal will sometimes go to death with stoicism because he is convinced that he deserves to die. We have an example of this in the Good Thief, who, while suffering on a cross at the side of Our Lord's, exclaimed to his companion in crime and punishment: "We are receiving what our deeds deserve . . ."

It is not easy, moreover, to die for others. And it is still harder to do so when those for whom one is dying are unworthy. Here again we see the heroism of Christ. He was not dying for Himself, but entirely for others, and those others were unworthy. St. Paul has expressed this truth: "Scarcely in behalf of a just man does one die; yet perhaps one might bring himself to die for a good man. But . . . when as yet we were sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. 5:6)

ALL HALLOWS

by SISTER M. PHILIP, C.S.C.

*Richman, poorman, beggarman, thief—
Bargainers shrewd beyond belief,
Guarding wealth from moth and mold,
Rustless wealth that grows not old;
Storming heaven with grim intent,
(Victory to the violent!)*

*Hallowed now eternally,
You who laughed and wept as we,
Let your grace be our disguise:
Smuggle us to paradise!*

SONNET TO A DAUGHTER

by MOLLIE McCOURT

*You wakened in the long clear morning light,
Shadows of pain upon your lovely face,
And said "I dreamed that you had died last night."
So vivid was the dream I saw the trace
Of desolation linger with you still;
And all this day you've come to take my hand,
To touch my face, my hair, as if your will
Would rout all fear and stop the moving sand.
"My dear one, quell your shaking heart with this:
Death has no barb when face to face with love;
Can never seal with his cold final kiss
The heart that lifts its lonely prayer above.
When I am caught to the Eternal Breast
Your heart will hold me close, will know me best."*

There is no escape from the Passion of Christ. We are all bound up in it. We must all share in it. He is the Head, we the members. St. Peter summed it up when he wrote: "... Christ suffered for you, leaving you an example that you may follow in His steps." (II Peter. 2:21) Although nobody can escape participation, some attempt to do so. St. Bernard warns the escapists that it is a shameful thing to be a delicate member under a thorn-crowned Head. The only legitimate attitude is that manifested in the prayer of St. Bonaventure: "I do not want, O Lord, to live without wounds and pain, since I see Thee so full of them."

Some degree of heroism must enter the life of every follower of the Master. A relatively few Mindszenty's, Stepinacs, Berans, and Groesz'es will be asked to rise to heights of fortitude. The majority are called to suffer in the small Gethsemanis of everyday living.

There are those who suffer with Christ in the Garden through worry and depression. Others experience rejection with Him because they refuse to com-

promise on principle. Still others undergo scorn and mockery with Him because they refuse to compromise on principle. Still others undergo scorn and mockery with Him because of the disbelief and pride of associates. Some are nailed with Him to a cross of physical sickness and pain. All need to take inspiration from their heroic Leader.

THE great tragedy is the failure to see that one's pain is intended to be part of Christ's Passion, to be borne with whatever degree of heroism the circumstances require. When we suffer with fortitude, He joins our small crosses with His great Cross, our small sacrifices with His great Sacrifice, our small acts of atonement with His great act of Redemption. And He uses all in working out His divine and beneficent plan for the salvation of the world. If we understand what a tremendous privilege is involved for us in all this, and act on it, we understand one of the central truths of the Christian scheme, and we make ourselves one with the heroic Christ for time and eternity.

Designs

on Women and Babies

The prudent *Companion* is seventy-eight years old, male-edited, reformist in tone, obsessed with psychic and somatic ills of mankind, and vastly proud of its Better Babies department

by MILTON LOMASK

IN its August 27, 1949, issue the Catholic weekly, *America*, editorialized, "Sex education? Yes, by all means! The Church . . . has never opposed it—it has opposed types of it. The best type, because it's what God and nature indicate, is through parents who can and ought to be helped to do the job calmly, efficiently, and lovingly."

Two seasons later, in March, 1950, the *Woman's Home Companion* tackled the same subject. Wrote Dr. David R. Mace, the *Companion's* marriage expert:

"I think it is even more important that the schools should help parents give this teaching in the home than that they should provide it themselves."

These nearly identical attitudes are not cited as evidence that the country's second-largest woman's magazine is following the line of Jesuit-edited *America*. Not quite. The *Woman's Home Companion* is as secular as Moody's *Manual of Investments*. Happily, like Moody's *Manual*, it is also prudent.

Thanks to this virtue it frequently reaches the same destination by, shall we say, the "low" road that religious magazines reach by taking the "high."

The *Companion* has published effective natural arguments against mercy killing, exposed the horror of abortion and other crimes against God and nature.

Not all its attitudes are so desirable. Five years ago, it pulled the test-tube baby issue out of the mothballs. The writer of the article saw nothing wrong in this assembly-line method of propagating the human race. She urged childless couples to give it serious consideration. She made passing reference to the moral implications (trust the prudent *Companion*!), quoting a Church spokesman as saying that "according to

Catholic doctrine, artificial insemination is unlawful."

The prudent *Companion* is seventy-eight years old. It began in 1873 as the *Home Companion*, a monthly for kids, in Cleveland. Eleven years later it became the *Ladies' Home Companion*, a woman's magazine, in Springfield, Ohio.

IN 1897, Americans were singing "Daisy, Daisy," two-stepping to Sousa, talking about the first American productions of Shaw's plays—and the *Ladies' Home Companion* dropped the *Ladies'*. "Woman," it announced beligerently, "is a perfectly good Anglo-Saxon word." Some years later the *Woman's Home Companion* transferred its editorial offices to New York City and came out impudently for women's pajamas.

About 1907 a brilliant, Boston-bred girl joined the staff at eighteen dollars a week. Her name was Gertrude Battles Lane. In 1913 she became the *Companion's* fifth editor-in-chief.

Under Gertrude Lane, the *Companion* waxed—from a circulation of 700,000 to more than five times that much three decades later. Miss Lane developed the famous department now called "Our Children and Better Babies." She instigated the procedure known as "glorifying the household arts."

She meant well. She meant to focus attention on the American home. It is no news, however, to anyone familiar with the modern home (and the modern *Companion*) that operations have not proceeded according to schedule. Confronted with the over-glamourized pictures of homes and home things in the *Companion*, what housewife can rest content with what she has? Today the *Companion* and its sister magazines are

threatening to glorify the American home out of existence.

In Miss Lane's day the suffragists were loud in the land, and Miss Lane and her staff were loud in their defense. They swallowed hook, line, and sinker that curious rearrangement of history by which the "bloomer girls" needled the conscience of Western man.

The girls wished to be freed of restraints which they insisted were "age-old." Actually their restraints dated only from the Puritan Revolution in seventeenth-century England. Before that, for at least five hundred years, the women of Western society had enjoyed practically all the legal rights they hold today.

Unfortunately for the peace of mind of millions of American women, slogan prevailed over history. As late as 1939, Miss Lane's *Companion* was summoning the girls to arms, urging them to stop men from "regarding women as women!" In 1941, Feminist Lane died, and the boss of her publishing house issued an epitaph. Gertrude Lane, he said, "was the best man in the business!"

Today's *Companion* retains many Lane innovations, none of the feminism. One of its more refreshing aspects is a generally down-to-earth style. In the *Companion* a stove is a stove. It is rarely, in the synthetic chatter of another woman's magazine, "a darling little meal maker, the very thought of which lightens one's morning."

The *Companion* has a 4,200,000 circulation, a gross advertising revenue in 1949 of eleven million dollars. It is one of three national magazines produced by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company. The others are *Collier's Weekly* and the *American Magazine*, a general monthly.

The present editorial regime dates from 1943. That year Miss Lane's feminine successor resigned, and two men took over: Edward Anthony as publisher and onetime newspaperman William A. H. Birnie as editor-in-chief. At that time only 35 to 42 per cent of *Companion* readers, checks showed, were reading its general interest articles clear through. Noting this, Editor Birnie nabbed Roger Dakin from his newspaper job and told him: "Find out what women want to read and buy it!"

Mr. Dakin began by digging up the readership figures on articles in other women's magazines. This netted nothing because those articles weren't being read either. Next he tried the men's magazines and the general magazines. This way he found out what the men were reading. Then the trio developed an entirely different type of article. End

result: the articles of general interest in today's *Companion* are being read in their entirety by from 60 to 75 per cent of its readers.

"We discovered," Dakin reveals, "that the average man's reading interests are determined by the fact that he must spend a good deal of his working day among strangers. As a result, he reads for information, for subjects he can discuss with people he's never met before, or whom he knows only casually."

Continues Dakin, "With the average housewife, it's another story. With whom does she chat during the day? The same women she saw day before—and year before. What do they talk about? That's simple! A woman doesn't read for information. She isn't so vain about being *au courant*. She reads to find something to do. She likes the article that says, 'Look here, Susie, that

hospital across the street is in a bad way. Get over there and do something about it!'"

Hence the reformist tone of the male-edited *Woman's Home Companion*. In the first eight months of 1950, it published thirty-nine general interest articles. These exhorted Susie to scoot across the street and do something about underpaid school teachers, overcrowded hospitals, juvenile delinquency, and palpitations of the vascular system.

Seventeen of the articles dealt with medical and psychiatric problems. The *Companion* believes these articles do a lot of good. It points to improved medical legislation in two states, to long overdue institutional reforms, to the spread of Good Samaritanism on the woman's club level.

All this may be granted. Still the reader may feel a little queasy vis à vis

trouble in our hospitals

COULD YOU LIVE HERE?

WHAT TO DO AFTER ATOMIC ATTACK...

YOUR EGO IS SHOWING

THEY ADOPTED DAVID

JUDY GROWS UP

EIGHTY-HOUR WEEK FOR MOTHER

DO YOU NEED A FRIEND?

COMPANION MAY 1951 25 CENTS

A breakfast newsmagazine edited by HELGA LAWRENCE Albert Bonah

HOW YOU CAN BENEFIT seven pages of pictures

These are various titles of articles that have appeared in recent issues. It is claimed they are read entirely by some 75 per cent of the readers

the *Companion's* obsession with our psychic and somatic tribulations.

Consider the American people, that is if you feel up to it. Consider particularly those in the automatic-toaster-owning-\$3000-to-\$10,000-a-year bracket to which 61 per cent of *Companion* readers belong. In the opinion of perceptive observers, many of these people are already overmedicated, overdosed, overdieted, and generally overserved. They are beginning to look for complexes under the bed and to detect the beginnings of juvenile delinquency in two-month-old Junior's piercing wail. A finger aches; they run to Doc. A nerve twitches; quick, Henry, my analyst!

THIS is the mental, the spiritual stream into which the *Companion* is injecting endless alarms on medical matters. If the *Companion* treated these subjects unsensationally, their probable good effect could be conceded. But the *Companion* is a popular magazine. Its writers are under compulsion to write in the popular manner.

A recent article presses the point that you too may have a nervous breakdown! Alarming headlines introduce some of the others: "Is Cancer a Danger to Your Child?" . . . "Does Swimming Cause Deafness?" . . . "Let's Make Hospitals Safe for Children" . . .

Is the good these articles do worth the cost? How much encouragement is the *Companion* giving to readers already in the throes of hypochondria, jitters, and self-pity?

As might be expected from its medical preoccupation, the *Companion* is devoted to science. Science, of course, can be a laudable aspect of the natural order. A tendency to regard it as supernatural is not so laudable. It is disturbing, for example, to find William L. Laurence, Pulitzer prize-winning science writer, discussing the peacetime possibilities of atomic energy in Alice-in-Wonderland terms.

Atomic science, writes Laurence in a recent *Companion*, will either blow us to smithereens—or (and now we glide through the looking glass!) it will solve the present crisis by uncovering the

secret of life, eliminating old age, and creating an earthly paradise. Laurence supports his statements with only the authority of his name and a few vague references to current atomic experimentation. He misreads the "present crisis," which is not physical but spiritual, does science no good by trying to deify it, and misleads the reader with promises that science itself would certainly refuse to make.

Early in 1950, a *Companion* short story, "The Deeper Spring," by Belva Plain, kicked up an interesting row. There were sharp letters to the editor. Wrote Mrs. S.A.T. of Louisiana, "As a Roman Catholic I protest the publication in your magazine of such fiction . . ." Another Catholic woman wrote in a similar vein. Her letter was followed by one from the Reverend Kenneth Henriques, O.F.M., of the Hour of St. Francis, Los Angeles. Father Henriques thanked the editors for their "permission to adapt 'The Deeper Spring'" for use on his radio program. "The Deeper Spring," he wrote, "teaches a much-needed lesson in a very wonderful way. . . ."

So it goes. Quite sincerely two Catholics objected to the story. Just as sincerely, another approved. Sounds like the letters column of THE SIGN, excuse the commercial, in the wake of an article on the social encyclicals.

The controversial story concerned a couple who married just before the War. Money was short. The impending conflict threatened to separate them at any moment. So they had their unborn baby killed. After the war, desperately wanting a child, they received a staggering blow. They could not have one now, because of an injury suffered by the wife during the immoral operation of eight years before. Facing what they had done for what it was, they resolved in a spirit of penance to make the best of what remained of their blighted marriage.

On its seventy-fifth birthday in November, 1948, the *Companion* patted itself on the back. Novelist Sophie Kerr, onetime managing editor, reviewed past accomplishments. She extolled the *Companion's* better babies department, the

good advice it has beamed to mothers.

She said the "original motive" of this department was that since "each year we raise better cattle, better corn, better fruit, et cetera—why not also raise better babies?" Today, she added, "innumerable thousands of grown men and women, who were brought up according to this friendly counsel, are rearing their offspring with the aid of today's 'Our Children and Better Babies' department."

NO doubt Miss Kerr smiled as she wrote this, for in the last half a dozen decades the *Companion* has altered all notions about bringing up Junior.

Authority for this statement is Mrs. Celia B. Stendler, associate professor of education at the University of Illinois, in Champaign. Mrs. Stendler is the author of a brilliant study of what the women's magazines have been saying to American mothers. Mrs. Stendler scrutinized the *Companion*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Good Housekeeping* for a sixty-year period.

Before 1910, she found, the women's magazines were urging mothers "to provide a good Christian home" for their children "in order to develop good moral character." Since 1910, the "Christian home" and "moral character" have drifted out of the picture. Today the stress is on adjustment to society, on what the *Companion* and other women's periodicals call being popular and having more dates than the next girl come Saturday night. During the last sixty years, then, the major shift in child-training emphasis has been from character to personality, from moral principles to cultural expediency.

The results are quite apparent. Newspaper headline after newspaper headline records a growing moral crisis, nationwide and deep.

"Better cattle," to return again to Sophie Kerr's remarks on the *Companion's* child-rearing instructions, "better corn . . . why not also raise better babies?"

The answer to that one seems obvious. The surest way to improve the babies is to improve the corn!



Gertrude Lane



William A. Birnie



Roger Dakin



Edward Anthony

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Interrupted Thanksgiving

I HAD PLANNED to write this month about what we have to be thankful for. Some days I wonder, after going through the daily paper, just what we do have. However, I know a fine antidote: read one of the mission magazines like *Maryknoll* or *Jesuit Missions* or the little brochures Father Endler, C.P., sends from his Deep South mission, or one of the poorly printed booklets from Catholic priests in India. They don't talk about wanting billions for guns or exotic new instruments of death. They just want a few dollars for rice to keep their orphans alive or clothes for their old people or books and holy cards and rosaries. They want help in building schools and seminaries. No doubt the real future of the world lies right with them—with the missionaries who carry Christian love to those who sit in darkness and hunger. The one thing the rest of us ought to watch out for is that we ourselves do not slide back into darkness.

From my contemplation of what we have to be thankful for, I was rudely stirred by the arrival of several letters from which I learn I made a fatal error a few months ago when I wrote some simple words on education—evidently a dangerous topic. Most annoyed are a public school principal and an irritated teacher who says sadly that I've got John Dewey all wrong. I am informed that I know little about public schools and must be the mouthpiece of disgruntled parents. Not at all. I was for some years a disgruntled parent and I am now an occasionally disgruntled grandmother. Also I pay taxes, including a large school tax, and if I feel disgruntled surely I have a right to express myself, since I help pay for schools—and teachers.

One of my children at the age of thirteen did not know what a verb was or a noun; one day I learned she had been playing bridge instead of attending a Latin class because she did not feel like a Latin lesson that day. Skipping a generation, let me mention a third grade where a young teacher told a group of parents that home and church had failed and it was up to the teachers to save the children. In this grade, some of the children had to make up work during the summer—third grade, mind you. This teacher is now studying for her doctor's degree in pedagogy.

Spelling and Fighting

BUT I KNOW ANOTHER public school in the same state where the children work at school as young children should. They bring home papers with problems in arithmetic, spelling lists, sentences written with long and short stress marks, just as in the old days where each of these studies was separately taught and not as parts of that vast intangible known as Social Science.

I mention these two schools to show how far apart can be methods of teaching under one democratic system. Much depends on the teachers, of course. There are always, thank God, good ones, those who teach manners, Christian affection, and diligence on the side. One of my accusing writers says that some people cannot learn to spell, which is no doubt true. Then she spoils her argument by telling of letters from the Pacific from boys she had tried to teach to spell: "They still make mistakes in spelling, but they are fighting for the country we taught them to love." Listen—

why can't they fight well for their country and spell well too? This is a strictly *non sequitur* remark and gets no passing grade from me.

A series of articles recently in the *World Telegram* would serve to show what deep disunion of thought there is—proponents speaking of the value of informality to match an increasingly informal world, antis saying the method leads to sloppiness and lack of manners and respect for basic knowledge. Surely, I am not the first critic of some progressive education. I agree the traditional teaching was often too harsh and too hard, but this is often too kind and too easy, and the creed of the superprogressives is, to quote Emily Dickinson, "so wide that it argues them narrow."

Misdirected Protests

OF COURSE, it is getting increasingly hard to say anything today without having someone try to refute it. I wrote of the League for Women Voters that it seemed a fine way to teach women how our government is run. Promptly I receive a letter saying the League today is being used for collectivist propaganda and is no longer what it was founded to be, and there is a pamphlet with some of which I agree and some I don't. But this month's *McCall's* has an article about people who oppose our present educational methods, and Lucille Crain, its author, is here treated in a very, to say the least, rude manner. One gathers that some in this article, who "ramble on disjointedly" and have "narrow and glinting eyes" are really mostly opportunists. Miss Crain does get off a little better: she has a "cameo face" and was educated in a convent, the latter fact of course trying to convey that she has not much education. Asked what she thought the proper aims of education, she offered the slogan of the *Educational Reviewer*—a quarterly she edits which reviews new text books: "In the light of truth, objectivity, and established ideals, to examine the publications used in instructing American youth." This sounds good to me even if to *McCall's* writer it doesn't.

The reviews seem excellent. Findlay's *Your Rugged Constitution* is called a fine book and recommended to adults who want an understanding of the principles of liberty which our Constitution implements. Of Blough's *Fundamentals of Citizenship* the reviewer says, "It puts across to the student the idea that government at all levels depends on the success of the individual in being a good citizen and has especially the theme of personal responsibility." From Landis' *Social Living*, on the other hand, the reviewer quotes, "We need not kill the weak, as nature would do in a natural world, but should keep them from producing offspring to plague coming generations with incompetence and dependency." A poor book, is the decision. There is a review by the Slavic Institute of Marquette University on the 1950 article on "Soviet-Union Russia" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* in which Stalin is called the "great educator" and the Russian electoral system a "form of education in self-government."

I am not saying these text books—the latter two—represent progressive education, but if they are used in our schools, why don't the progressives object to them instead of wasting ammunition on unimportant me?

The State of Boxing

Robert Christenberry was appointed chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission on Tuesday, Sept. 25. He succeeded Eddie Eagan, who has resigned after an honest and sincere tenure in probably the most difficult of all sports jobs. In making the appointment of the New York hotel man and World War I veteran, Governor Dewey said in effect that a certain amount of cleaning up was needed in boxing and he thought Christenberry was the man to do it.

The new Commissioner didn't have to wait long to see something that needed a little scrubbing in the so-called "manly art of self-defense." The Sandy Saddler-Willie Pep fight, the next night, was just about the dirtiest, meanest, brawliest bout ever held for a championship. In fact it rivaled the famous, or infamous, scrap between Tony Galento and Lou Nova in which the latter ended up in the hospital.

The principals, Saddler the feather-weight champ, and Pep the ex-champ, threw the book out the window in this their fourth meeting for the crown. The other three which they alternated winning were rough and tough and exciting but the dirty work was kept to a minimum. In the meeting last month, they pulled out all the stops and rewrote the book. There was thumbing, heeling,

holding and hitting, kneeing, and were it not for the mouthpieces and boxing gloves there might have been biting and scratching. Why two fighters with the ability and class of Saddler and Pep had to resort to such tactics bothers the imagination, unless it was because in their previous meetings they had built up such a mad for each other that it just burst forth in fury. Honestly, it actually seemed that they had trained for just such a fight.

It was unusual in the extreme. In all my years of covering fights I have seen but one fighter really mad at another. That was heavyweight champion, Joe Louis, before his second fight with Max Schmeling. But Joe's mad

was understandable and brought on by Schmeling and his Nazi handlers. Even at that, Joe's rage was cold and calculating and his innate sense of fair play would never permit him to do a dirty thing or throw a foul punch. When he met up with Schmeling, he annihilated him, but it was clean and quick, almost like the guillotine.

That was the only time I have ever seen a fighter mad at another. Sure, there are tough fights and rough ones and some dirty ones, but after all it's a business with the battlers and when it's over you see victor and vanquished with arms about each other congratulating or commiserating as the case may be. Even Rocky Graziano in his wildest moments in the ring, when you thought he was trying to tear the other guy's head off, was never mad at his opponent. I don't think Rocky could be mad at anyone. He just wanted to win and as quickly as possible.

But Saddler and Pep really overdid it. And it's too bad, for they've put on some fine scraps. Boxing is in enough jeopardy right now without adding to it unnecessarily.

Other things boxing can do without are fighters taking off too much weight just to make matches. Many a good young prospect has been ruined by weightmaking, but apparently the people in boxing won't admit that history has a habit of repeating itself. A case in point was the match recently between Chico Vejar and Eddie Compo. Vejar is a natural welterweight and had been fighting as one. Compo is a natural lightweight, a class below. Chico, undefeated in thirty-two professional fights was rated as the "Rookie of the Year" by competent boxing appraisers. Compo seemed like an easy enough prey to fatten Vejar's record, but the match wouldn't have been sanctioned because of too much disparity in weight. So Vejar was forced to come in well below his natural weight, which weakened him so much that he dropped a very close decision and suffered his first defeat. It seemed very unnecessary, but so do a lot

SPORTS

by **DON DUNPHY**



Saddler-Pep fight—just about the dirtiest, meanest, brawliest

International

of things that happen in the ring game. Maybe I don't do Compo justice. Perhaps he might have beaten Vejar under any circumstances but those at ringside at the Garden that night felt otherwise.

Ford Frick

Congratulations are in order to the sixteen major league club owners on their selection of Ford Frick, former president of the National League, as Baseball Commissioner. It was a good move for the national game, but one wonders why they took so long arriving at what seemed a natural decision. Perhaps the fact that Frick had so long been identified with the National League had caused some American Leaguers to hesitate in voting for him. If that was the case, and you couldn't blame them in a way; they are further to be praised for putting league pride behind them in the interests of the game.

Frick, former sportswriter for the *New York Journal*, had been president of the National League since 1935. Like his counterpart, William Harridge, president of the American League, he has always conducted himself in a modest, dignified, sincere, and forthright manner, with the interests of baseball, the players, and the fans his first thoughts.

Not many know that Frick, while beginning his career as a sportswriter, was later a very capable sports announcer and was among the first to broadcast baseball play by play. He was equally adept at calling football games too. As a matter of fact, the first association that yours truly had with the new baseball commissioner was on the occasion of a Manhattan College football game. Frick was announcing the game and I happened to be covering it for a *New York newspaper*. Frick, knowing that I was an alumnus of Manhattan and was writing on the game, asked me if I would say a few words between the halves. I did and found that I liked football announcing.

In these trying times, with investigation after investigation, probe after probe, and whatnot after whatnot, baseball and all organized sports must be in strong hands. When a member of the United States Senate, with a straight face, can suggest that baseball should be under federal control, it is time for those in the game to take stock. Too many people, with publicity and self-advancement as their only motives, are anxious to get into the act. Baseball has had a clean record for more than thirty years and it doesn't need any investigating that I know of. It's fortunate that the game has chosen as its Commissioner a man with the background and the integrity of Ford Frick.

Another Solid Guy

Another solid guy in a big job is Walter T. McLaughlin, Director of Athletics at St. John's University in Brooklyn. McLaughlin, who graduated from the Vincentian institution in 1928, has dedicated the more than three decades since then to education and sports and most of these years have been at his Alma Mater.

St. John's has been a prominent name in college basketball for the past quarter of a century and in Buck Freeman, Joe Lapchick, and Frank McGuire has boasted three of the top court coaches of the nation. Through their efforts, the Redmen have become respected figures on the basketball courts of the country. In any accounting of basketball, St. John's is at or near the top. Certainly, the trio of mentors named have contributed mightily to this success. But behind them, working quietly but nonetheless effectively, has been Walter McLaughlin.



Baseball's new Commissioner Frick

The little fellow with the big heart (he's 5'7 and weighs but 121) knows sports from the competitive as well as the executive end. His size wasn't enough to keep him from being a crack baseball player at St. John's, and he made the varsity three years in a row. Teammates on the Red and White nine were John "Taps" Gallagher, now Athletic Director at Niagara University, and Freeman.

However, Walter wasn't big enough to compete in two other sports he loved, so he contented himself after graduation with officiating at both basketball and football. He soon became a topnotch arbiter and was much in demand. He was the youngest official in the American Basketball League.

It was around this time that McLaughlin came into contact with Joe Lapchick, the great center of the Original Celtics. This association was to prove an important one for Lapchick, for McLaughlin, and for St. John's.

In 1934, Mac returned to St. John's where he served as physical education instructor while completing work on a

Masters degree. In September of 1935, he was appointed director of athletics at St. John's and except for a thirty-one month hitch in the Navy he has been at that job ever since.

During much of this time Walter was one of the top scholastic athletic officials in Nassau County on Long Island and served as referee for many of the championship games in that section. In recognition of his fine work, he was elected to the presidency of the Long Island Association of Football Officials in 1943 and served in this capacity as capably as he had done in other major executive positions.

Walter McLaughlin was born and bred on Long Island. With his wife Anne, his daughter Patricia, and his sons, Edward and Eugene, he now lives in South Hempstead. Incidentally, Patricia, who is fifteen, attends Mary Lewis Academy in Hempstead; Edward, fourteen, attends Chaminade High School in Mineola; and Eugene, twelve,



St. John's Walter T. McLaughlin

goes to Our Lady of Loretto parochial school in Hempstead.

A Sad Note

Before we close up shop for this issue, we must sadly note that the late baseball season was the first one in which we haven't come up with a pennant winner for THE SIGN since we joined its staff late in 1947. Until 1951 we had managed to come up with one successful choice in each of the three previous seasons of crystal ball gazing on the pennant winners in big league baseball. In 1948, the Boston Braves came through for us. In 1949 it was the Brooklyn Dodgers, and in 1950 the Philadelphia Phillies—whom we picked to win again in 1951. The American League winner has succeeded in eluding us each year. We thought we had a winner with the Cleveland Indians this season but the Tribe, with victory in its grasp, folded completely in the last ten days and let the Yankees slip by them to win. Oh, well, as they say in Brooklyn "Wait till next year."

IT has been reported that Moscow-loaned experts have made Hunan Province of China a vast training school and proving ground where the Soviet art of "security precaution" is being taught extremely well. Thoroughly screened Chinese Communists are sent there to be tutored in the various methods of psychological interrogation, inter-family espionage, remote-controlled peoples' courts, mind-washing, indoctrination, browbeating tactics, hostage holding, propaganda barrages, and plenty of field work thrown in for practical purposes.

Returned Passionist Missionaries, those either expelled or the ones holding coveted exit-permits, give credence to this report. All were victims, all suffered ordeals like the following: In the week previous to his expulsion one priest was arrested at least seventeen times. He would be pulled out of bed during the night by armed Communists, members of the security police, or applicants to the force, hustled off through the streets to either military or police headquarters and there grilled incessantly for several hours. Later on in the night he would be yanked out again by another group and then questioned endlessly by a different panel of embryo experts. By day his house was searched from top to bottom by successive squads, his effects examined to the last handkerchief, and his person to the last button.

American Missionaries in Hunan are marked individuals. Moscow pipes the tune and China dances. The song of the sages of the Kremlin never differs. America is the enemy of China, of Russia, of the world, of all freedom-loving people, and the great democracies. The satellite masses, of course, are never permitted to see the tongue in the cheek behind the drooping mustachios of the master. So the teeming Chinese multitudes are fed the pabulum of American imperialism, American aggression in Korea being a brazen example. Every American living in China therefore is branded as a potential enemy of the state, since according to the Soviet mentality an American is always an agent of American imperialism. The only American Catholic Missionaries in Hunan are the priests attached to the Passionist Mission. They have become sitting ducks and easy meat for the investigative efforts of ardent young candidates of the Red security police.

THERE is a specious pretext in the propaganda continuously bleated forth. Freedom of religion is assured. But in line with the current theme, American missionaries are not in China primarily for the purpose of preaching the Gospel, helping the afflicted, or seeking to enthrone the charity and the

DRY MARTYRDOM

Passionist Missionaries in Hunan, China, are suffering a martyrdom equally as heroic as the shedding of blood by the early martyrs

by BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C. P.

justice of Christ. They are wolves in sheep's clothing. They are in China as agents of American imperialism under the guise of purveyors of the Christian religion. For decades they have not only been spying for their imperialistic masters but have attempted to intimidate by force, poison, and deceit the great freedom-loving people of China.

The cleverly inserted term "imperialism" in every sentence, accompanied by descriptions of the horrors of imperialism—American, of course—has conditioned wearied minds of the Chinese people in confusing the issue. There is no religious persecution. Far from it. The whole question is political and state security. The missionaries, as the people are informed, are not persecuted, imprisoned, or expelled because they are missionaries so-called, but because the state knows that they are dangerous to the welfare of the new free republic of China in its crusade against American imperialism. Bishop O'Gara occupies a cell in a Communist prison, convicted of the dastardly crime—according to the state—of excommunicating Chinese Catholics who joined the Communist-sponsored National Catholic Church, and because he objected publicly to the smear campaign conducted by the government in the case of the Papal Inter-nuncio, Archbishop Riberi.

One can hardly expect Chinese Communists to be conversant with the expression of the prophet Zacharias, "Smite the shepherd and the sheep will be dispersed." They figured out the same truth from a political point of view. The leadership of Catholic Bishops and their uncompromising stand against the inroads of Caesar to the councils of ecclesiastical authority have been a thorn in the side of Communism everywhere. Like the tyrants of old, the modern despots have resorted to brute force in an attempt at nullify-

ing the effects of episcopal leadership. With a craftiness which the ancients never possessed, the present-day usurpers of political power exile or imprison these great ecclesiastical patriots on the false charge of plotting against the state. Mindszenty was broken and imprisoned for life on the charge of treason. Stepinatz on the charge that he consorted with enemies of the state. Beran on a similar weird claim of the state that to be un-Communist was to be unpatriotic. The courageous Bishop Ford of Maryknoll stood up to the charges that he was an enemy of the Chinese people and demanded a public trial to vindicate his magnificent record. He was too popular among the people of his own Diocese of Kaying, so the Reds, quite shamefully the better to disguise their shamefacedness, dragged him off to Canton to give him the trial he desired. His public trial has never come to pass. He has disappeared somewhere within the labyrinthine confines of that city.

BISHOP O'Gara's whereabouts are unknown. He is held strictly incommunicado. However, his anxious priests have received some word from him directly, saying that he is well and thanking them for the prayers, medicines, and clothing he received, but with not the slightest clue as to the locale of his incarceration.

And with the shepherd smitten what of the sheep? Many Chinese Catholics watched the humiliation of their shepherd with pain-saddened eyes. They but stood and watched and in their hearts they prayed. That is all that is left to them now that the "liberation" is an accomplished fact. They are forced like puppets to dance to the tune of the new conqueror, to march and sing and lend their voices to the mass cries of vengeance on the traitor and the saboteur, to accuse their own flesh and blood in the

interests of the state. Automaton who obey because life is always dear and the bayonet is always poised behind them.

Perhaps they even smile, but the reason for their smiles will never be known to their Communist oppressors. They had seen their Bishop when convicted solemnly hand over his pectoral cross in a dignified sweeping gesture. They saw him stand unbowed with the calm regal dignity of a pontiff while he was stripped of his clothes. Then just as he was to be bound and dragged off to prison he majestically blessed himself with a tremendous Sign of the Cross. His people knew what that blessing meant. He was not only blessing himself. He was blessing his priests, his people, his diocese—perhaps for the last time. And the memory of that blessing his people would carry with them to the end.

WITH the Bishop out of the way and the potency of his authority vitiated, the Reds have taken advantage of the apostasy of some of the black sheep of the flock to circumscribe any efforts on the part of the few remaining priests to function authoritatively. The method used is something new in the annals of usurpation of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. There is no attempt to force the adoption of a schismatic National Catholic Church. Instead, the "Keh

Hsin Hui," or Revolutionary Committee of the Catholic Church, has been established. The committee is made up of renegade excommunicates. The activities of the priests, the disposition of personal and mission effects, the allocation of funds are now the exclusive concern of this body—any decision of course subject to review and confirmation by the real Communist authorities.

The membership of this committee marks its puppet character. The Chairman is the former gardener of the mission. An educated Chinese is his secretary, chosen possibly to give some stability to any deliberations. A onetime water coolie of the mission is on the board and with him sits a town dandy and ne'er do well. The important post of consultant is held by the Bishop's former Chinese secretary, because of the chance that he might possess some real inside information. This committee is a clever setup on the part of the Communists and one destined to confuse the people all the more. What could be more apropos—a special Catholic Committee to run the Catholic Church!

The first resolution on the part of the committee was to deny the use of the church to the priests for either private devotions or public services. Then when the Acting Superior, Father Linus Lombard, went to the bank to draw out funds necessary to carry on

and buy food for the priests, he was informed that only the new Revolutionary Catholic Committee could authorize the withdrawal or use of such funds. So the populace was treated to the spectacle of the priest humbly appearing before the committee, headed by his oldtime gardener, to beg for the needed funds. He was at first rebuffed and accused of demanding too much. The committee went into a huddle and the result was a substantial cut in what the priest had asked. And this is money donated by the generous people of America to aid and support the missions.

THE mission and also the deliberations of the committee are under the constant surveillance of the Comrades, young Communist men and women, who keep their eyes on the movements of the priests in the interests of national security. There is no privacy permitted the priests. Their quarters are open house at all times to any of the Comrades who want to wander about. Any one of them can browbeat the priests, accuse them of anything, examine effects and persons, question them, and at times for long stretches none of the priests can move without an escort armed with a Tommy gun. At such times even bathroom privileges are denied unless the escort and the Tommy gun go along.

Superhuman patience has been necessary to avoid personal violence. Any show of asperity, any anger or disposition to object to the attentions of the Comrades can be construed as an overt act against the state. That means a trial and possibly imprisonment.

So this "dry martyrdom" is the price of remaining in Hunan. Mental cruelty at its keenest, unsufferable and unending tension, constant humiliations, scorned as Americans and accused of espionage, every manner of psychological persecution, this is what the remaining Passionist Missionaries in Hunan are daily experiencing. But their courage hasn't been broken.

Countless martyrs have shed their blood. Today it is "dry martyrdom". A long slow process calculated to reach into a man's inmost being and dry up all spirit of resistance or desire to acknowledge anything but what is forced upon him. A slow but definitely effective process, the horrors of which are beyond the imagination of those who have not fallen victims, a deadly inhuman diabolic process that reached its almost perfect form in the Mindszent case. Hunan is now the training ground for this modern Soviet type of oppression and destruction. Bishop O'Gara is in prison, his priests under constant threat, his diocese in the hands of renegades, his faithful dreading each moment of the day and night. God be with them.



Bishop O'Gara, C. P., looks at the hospital which cost great sacrifices

Books

THIS PLEASANT LEA

By Anne Crone.
Charles Scribner's Sons.

316 pages.
\$3.00

It is not good for aspiring writers to read Anne Crone; her graceful, easy writing evokes a hopeless feeling in the minds of journey-men authors, but for the reader, the happy reader, her books are a pure delight: they are as clean and as sweet as good water. Anne Crone is one of the best writers of this generation and one day will rank with Jane Austen. Her first book led Lord Dunsany to exclaim, and he is no mean writer himself, that it was one of the great novels of our time. That book was *Bridie Steen* and this new book is equally as deserving of that praise.

The story of *This Pleasant Lea* is ordinary enough, being concerned with the courting of the schoolteacher Faith Storey, around Derrygawley, in County Fermanagh, which is in Occupied Ireland, but the atmosphere is so magically created that the quiet kindness of the Irish air seems to drift up from the pages like foggy dew. Ireland has many faults, God knows, but there must be an abiding goodness in a land that can produce so many writers, any of whom make any of us look like scribbling penny-aliners.

This book will remind the reader of Kate O'Brien's, *Without My Cloak*, and what could be better than that? So have at it!

W. B. READY.

THE ASCENT TO TRUTH

By Thomas Merton.
Harcourt, Brace & Co.

342 pages.
\$3.50

"The only thing that can save the world from complete moral collapse is a spiritual revolution," declares Father Merton. And while realizing that the full purgatorial pilgrimage of his own *Seven Storey Mountain* is neither possible nor desirable for every Christian, he is convinced that the rather sudden interest of American Catholics in the mystical life indicates that "contemplation, asceticism, mental prayer, and unworldliness" are what we most need to rediscover and practice. So in this new and important book the convert Trap-

pist considers first the "problem of unbelief" in those who, from lack of thought or lack of grace, cannot achieve faith in God—then the spiritual anemia of Christians who, sincerely accepting God and His Church, remain ignorant of what Coventry Patmore called the tremendous "corollaries of belief." In short, he would have us not only live for God in action but in God by contemplation. Following the pattern of St. John of the Cross, whom he considers "the greatest as well as the surest of all mystical theologians," the author traces this *Ascent to Truth* through light and darkness on to the ultimate union with God—which is the nearest approach to the Beatific Vision this side of heaven.

There is no pretending that the subject of this treatise is easy. Pure spirituality is never easy for spirit united to groping flesh. But as usual, Father Thomas writes with clarity and vigor, bringing poetry and philosophy to the service of his priesthood. And it is the simplicity of genius which tells us that "God is never really known unless He is also loved," and picks Our Lady as the perfect contemplative.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

MOSES

By Sholem Asch.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

505 pages.
\$3.75

This latest novel from the facile pen of Sholem Asch will not arouse the controversy that was occasioned by his novels about Christ and Paul. *The Nazarene* and *The Apostle* were offensive to believing Christians because of the author's distortion of history and, particularly in the case of Paul, his lack of sympathy, if not positive hatred, for his hero. For Moses, the Liberator and Legislator of the Hebrews, Asch, a believing Jew, has only profound religious respect and deep filial pride. The heroic sanctity of Moses, his humility, faith, and completely unselfish love for God and his people, are portrayed with understanding and reverence. Israel's unique vocation to preserve the truth of God's revelation and the purity of His moral law in the midst of universal idolatry



Sholem Asch

and corruption—the difficulties and suffering this vocation entailed—are depicted graphically. In the opinion of this reviewer, Asch would have written a better story had he kept to the Biblical account of the Exodus and eschewed the Jewish *Haggadoth*. The incorporation of some of these fantastic legends has weakened the novel considerably. The antisacerdotal prejudice so characteristic of Rabbinical Judaism since the destruction of the Temple is evident in Asch's treatment of the Levitical priesthood and ritual. Moses had not wanted priests and sacrifice. The ambitious Aaron propagandized for them. The incident of the Golden Calf convinced Moses that the people "were too young, too unschooled, to attain to that high level of pure union with God through the will alone. Perhaps it was best, then, that the people which had failed and fallen in the making of an idol, should rehabilitate itself by the creation of a tabernacle." (p. 271) This certainly does not square with the account of the origin of the Aaronitic priesthood and the Tabernacle preserved in the Book of Exodus.

RICHARD KUGELMAN, C. P.

THE REVOLT AGAINST REASON

By Arnold Lunn.
Sheed & Ward.

273 pages.
\$3.25

This book, which started out to be a revision of Lunn's *The Flight From Reason* (1929), finds him back in a familiar role, that of the perceptive and witty expositor of the reasonableness of Catholic faith. It is neither a scholar's item nor one for the unschooled, yet there exists a large audience for whom it should prove a useful and informative essay. By a series of telling quotations, at times, by a chain of unheated argument, Lunn fortifies his cheerful reiteration that the Church is reason's stronghold and scientism the refuge of intuitionists who do not care to think. He traces the history of the rationalist position (a word he will not yield pejorative use to), from the Greeks through and beyond the post-Augustinian Church, and opposes to the Aristotelian-medieval current the Platonist-Lutheran fideism which he terms essentially irrational. The strongest count against Lunn is his failure to cite properly any number of good quotations. It is a major weakness because some of his cleverest thrusts consist in catching the opposition out in unsubstantiated allegations. Luther is dealt with more justly than in the run of Catholic apologetics; the treatment of evolution is so lacking in verbal precision that large parts of it had better been omitted.

What emerges is a none too ready reference work of anti-theists uttering some very solemn nonsense. Students

and readers oppressed by a barrage of irrational postulates that refuse to be driven into any theistic corner will appreciate the refreshment offered by this sometimes disordered but always lively synthesis.

GERARD S. SLOYAN.

MR. SMITH

By Louis Bromfield.
Harper & Bros.

278 pages.
\$3.00

Louis Bromfield here dissects, and somewhat savagely at times, the contemporary American scene through the purported autobiography of a successful businessman. Wolcott Ferris, who is the author's "Mr. Smith,"



L. Bromfield

has a college degree, a good job, an interior-decorated home, and a wife, Enid, a poseur, who resents the privacy of even her husband's thoughts. In her practice of the arts of "holding her husband" and "winning him back," she has behind her the vast power of "convention, conformity, and crushing mediocrity." The story is of her husband's attempts to escape and his final release.

"Mr. Smith" becomes an Army captain and spends two years with four privates tucked away on a little Pacific island, almost forgotten by the Army. Finally he is killed or invites murder by a Ku-Klux Georgian who hates him. The sergeant who likes him brings home the manuscript on which Ferris, alias Mr. Smith, has spent all his time and which he remits to an old boyhood friend with the request that it be published in the hope that it "might save some other poor bastard with the same disease as mine—rotting from the core outward, you might say."

This is not a very good novel. One feels indeed that Louis Bromfield is getting a certain exasperation or even anger with his fellow countrymen out of his system. One hopes that he will benefit by the catharsis and return, refreshed, to his old trade of fine novel writing.

NORAH MEADE CORCORAN.

THE NATURE OF THINGS

By Roy K. Marshall.
Henry Holt & Co.

188 pages.
\$2.95

Dr. Roy K. Marshall is better known as a television personality than as a literary figure. But the same facile, clear, and popularly exemplified lectures on science which viewers attend via TV are duplicated in this book, *The Nature of Things*. The doctor ranges from the inner life of the atom to the outer life of the universe in its farthest galaxies and, in the course of his painless didactic, explains the meaning behind words which have become the clichés of our time—words such as nuclear fission,

electron, chain reaction, plutonium, critical mass, relativity.

Unfortunately, the terminologies of modern science, in many cases, serve only as semantic apparatus, a window-dressing for journalists, used for literary effect and falsely suggesting an acquaintance with ideas which goes beyond their color value in a sentence. There is perhaps no easier method of substituting real knowledge of the broad concepts of science for the mere appearance of it than by giving Dr. Marshall a hearing.

His writing is not quite as effective as his television lectures, for the simple reason that he is one of the best broadcasters on TV, and an equal mastery of two media at that high level is too much to expect. *The Nature of Things*, however, does meet the requirement that education be made pleasant in these days of massed entertainment—or people will prefer to be entertained though uneducated. *The Nature of Things* meets that test by a safe margin.

MARTIN TANSEY.

SCHNOZZOLA

By Gene Fowler.
The Viking Press.

261 pages.
\$3.00

Before a single word of criticism is typed, I must admit to a dual prejudice: Jimmy Durante is my favorite clown, and Gene Fowler is my favorite contemporary biographer. From that beginning, let me proceed to say that this is the only book I have ever reviewed for *THE SIGN* which I have read at one sitting. "There's nobody as sweet as he is, or as great. In a bad world he's stayed good. He was lucky in taking the righteous road instead of the wrong road. The crazy age that produced us sent lots of other fellows to Sing Sing; but something inside of Jimmy Durante kept him good and honest and kind. And when you come near him it's like warming your hands at a fire. . . ."



Gene Fowler

Lou Clayton, Jimmy's erstwhile partner in the famed night club and vaudeville team of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, said that about the durable comic not too long before Clayton died. Throughout the entire book—a good reportorial job but not up to such Fowler masterpieces as *Timber Line* and *The Great Mouthpiece*—Fowler documents the basic human decency, the loving kindness, the crude, rough, but always clean life of a man who realized the value of the rosary over the financial contract. In a profession that emphasizes smut, here is a man who insists on cleanliness and decency.

Born with an oversized nose, harassed by it all his life, Jimmy had the courage



THE DANCE OF DEATH

50 Pictures and Captions

By JEAN CHARLOT

As in the old "Dances of Death," Death is a Halloweenish, pleasantly gruesome skeleton (like the gentleman above). He always arrives unexpectedly and with an appropriate remark. To the Dentist he says: "This may hurt a little," to the Undertaker "You must have often wondered . . .", to the Nudist "Come just as you are"—and so on. But this book has a new feature—a surprise ending, showing that to be scared of Death is as silly as to ignore him.

\$2.50

TERESA OF AVILA

By KATE O'BRIEN

The author of *Without My Cloak* has long been fascinated by St. Teresa, not only as a great saint but also as that very rare thing, a woman genius. She would have made her mark on the world, Miss O'Brien believes—though not such a mark—even had she not been a saint. After reading this delightful biography, you will agree.

\$2.00

THE TRUE LIKENESS

By R. W. HYNK

We have all heard of the Holy Shroud of Turin, and perhaps wondered whether it could really be the very linen in which Our Lord's body was wrapped for burial. Photographic and chemical tests have convinced Dr. Hynk that it is. In this book, lavishly illustrated with photographs, he explains why, and shows how much we can learn from it of Our Lord's appearance and of the Passion.

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By C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

More than 150 examples of holiness in women, beginning with the earliest martyrs and ending with Mother Cabrini. There are fashions even in holiness, but the women gathered here, no matter how diverse their vocations, each reflect some likeness of their Mother—they are all the Queen's Daughters.

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By Hubert Van Zeller, O.S.B.—Through Father Van Zeller's fresh and original approach the statesman-saint of the Old Testament, and one of the greatest of the Old Dispensation prophets, emerges from the mist of sternness and bleakness that has for centuries obscured the true character of the man who dealt with many of the political problems and most of the politicians of his time. The book will arouse in its readers a lively interest in the heroes of the pre-Christian era.

Paper \$1.25

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THE CASE OF THERESE NEUMANN

By Hilda C. Graef—"The book is startling when you consider that it is the first to challenge what has been taken for granted for some time. Maybe, it is unfair, but the reception in knowing circles has been one of acceptance and not denial, so the controversy is on. The situation is out of hand, and when the clamor and notoriety reach the proportions of the current affair, it's right that someone clear the air, and that we get down to cold factual material, and eliminate the pious meanderings that have been circulating." — *Information*

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to capitalize on his embarrassment. Yet he never criticized anyone else's infirmity or incongruity. Instead he had a one-way pocket. Most everything he earned went to bums, deadbeats, friends temporarily broke, and anyone else who needed a buck. Jimmy never asked why. He simply had to be informed that there was a need, legitimate or not.

I say God bless Jimmy Durante. And I say God bless Gene Fowler for telling us about him.

TOM BERNARD.

OUT OF BONDAGE

By Elizabeth Bentley.
Devin-Adair.

311 pages.
\$3.50

Miss Bentley's story of her activities as a Communist agent is well known. It was revealed over a period of years as reports of investigations, trials, hearings, and interviews appeared in the press and periodicals.

In the course of disclosure, it was examined and subjected to every test for verification, authenticity, and credibility. It was editorially evaluated and otherwise publicly discussed. It stood up because it was true.

Here, then, is her true story told chronologically, starting with the circumstances of her joining the Communist Party and ending with how she went to the F.B.I. to confess. As told, the story reveals nothing factually new, but it is of consequence for two reasons: first, it is the complete story told in an orderly way; second, Miss Bentley here tells of mental processes and motivating factors which did not appear in objective reports and factual interviews. The temptation to write her life at length must have been great. Fortunately, the book is confined to that part of her life in which there is public interest.

The publishers describe the writing style as "brisk"; this is probably a good description. They well might have added that the content of the writing is "gistful." Miss Bentley's love affair with Jacob Golos and personal relationship with other Communist leaders and lesser lights appear in properly measured words. This personal narrative will be most interesting to those who, like the reviewer, have trouble in understanding why apparently intelligent people become Communists. The fact is that many did, and this is the story of one of them.

TOM HURLEY.

THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

By Meyer Berger.
Simon & Schuster.

589 pages.
\$5.00

Meyer Berger, Pulitzer-Prize-winning journalist, is an employee of the *New York Times*. He does not, however, overdo his respect either for his paper

or for its publisher, his employer. His respect for both of them seems genuine rather than "to order."

Where his story is strong is in its detailed and generally fascinating account of the manner in which the *Times* has gone about gathering the news. This part of the book ought to be read, and it very likely will be read, by practically every serious teacher, student, and practitioner of journalism in the country.

Where the story is weak is in its evaluation of the *Times'* editorial page. This evaluation is neither full nor discriminating; it rather briefly and breezily represents the editorial page as a fount of wisdom.

Beyond question, however, the *Times* is a fount of news, the most copious in the world, and Berger describes *con amore* the gathering of the flood of fact it daily contains within the levees of its copious advertising. But in his pages the news is not gathered by an impersonal institution; it is gathered by such gifted human beings, such tried and tested journalists as Arthur Krock, Anne O'Hare McCormick, James B. Reston, William L. Laurence, and others about whom their fellow staffer writes with unconcealed admiration.

A newspaper which prints Papal encyclicals and allocutions in full, and the testimony in the MacArthur hearings; which has achieved many and important news beats; and the members of whose staff have won twenty-three Pulitzer prizes—such a newspaper is, by and large, an immense professional accomplishment. Berger's own accomplishment is that in writing about it he has been interesting and even exciting.

JOHN EDWARD DINEEN.

NOTRE DAME

By Richard Sullivan.
Henry Holt & Co.

243 pages.
\$3.00

The best histories are sometimes informal, as Mr. Sullivan demonstrates in this lively, anecdotal account of the University where he is an assistant Professor of English. Strictly speaking, of course, this is not a history at all, but rather a personally flavored explanation of why Mr. Sullivan is enamored of Notre Dame, and what it is in the University's background and growth that make the institution what it is today.

Perhaps because his story is personal, Mr. Sullivan manages to infuse a good deal of drama and human warmth into it. The founders of the University and their successors come alive in his pages, and the heritage of Catholic education is explained in terms of the men who



R. Sullivan

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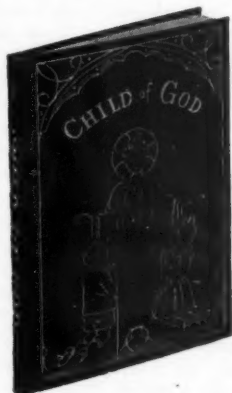
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made it possible. There are perceptive profiles of Father Edward F. Sorin, the French priest, who set up the school in 1842; of Father Julius Nieuwland, the noted botanist and chemist; and, of course, of Knute Rockne. Then, too, there are recreated a score or more of campus stories, tales that never die, that help to enrich Notre Dame's traditions.

Notre Dame graduates will be especially pleased by this volume for the memories it will undoubtedly stir, while others will gain a fresh insight into the greatness of the University at South Bend. This aspect of Mr. Sullivan's book is perhaps the most gratifying, because for so many Notre Dame is a football expression and little else. Mr. Sullivan reminds us, in his modest fashion, that there are other, if less flamboyant, qualities of mind and spirit that go to make up life at a Catholic college. Mr. Sullivan is, of course, partisan, and graduates of other universities may object that their schools are just as good and just as solid as Notre Dame. They may be right, but let them go out and write a book about them that tops this.

ALDEN WHITMAN.

I WAS A MONK
By John Tettermer. 281 pages.
Alfred A. Knopf Co. \$3.50

John Tettermer was a priest of the Congregation of the Passion. After living as a Passionist for twenty-five years and occupying major offices, he left the Congregation, the priesthood, and the Church. *I Was a Monk* is the story of his ventures in religion. It deals, at great length, with his life as a religious, very briefly with his severance from the Faith, and devotes almost exactly one page to his experience thereafter.

Tettermer (Ildephonsus was his name in religion) gives a most sympathetic account of monasticism, the *raison d'être* of its structure and practices. In discussing this phase of his life, he is equally sympathetic with the Catholic Church. Correct statements of Catholic doctrine and purpose are offered—and offered obviously to correct current slanders against the Church. The anti-Catholic propagandist will find no ammunition to hijack here. And the reader who is accustomed and hardened to cheap exposes by ex-priests trying to sensationalize their way into the writing market will be almost shocked by Tettermer's friendliness and respect for his former Faith and religious brethren.

Even in explaining his reasons for leaving the Church, his quarrel is not so much with the Church as with every religion that formulates doctrine and with everything that can be called a philosophy. Having lost faith in the human mind as a guide to reality, mystical experience, fostered by contemplation, became his only authentic way to truth.

Tetterer's mysticism keeps peeping out of every phase of his story. And it seems like nothing but a dreamy sentimentalism, a *recherché* emotion which beckoned to him from many fields and which he could not resist pursuing.

John Tetterer's book cannot be recommended to the faithful but his soul can be commended to their prayers. He was a very confused man.

HENRY EDWARDS.

MELVILLE GOODWIN, U.S.A.
By John P. Marquand. 596 pages.
Little, Brown & Co. \$3.75

Melville Goodwin, U.S.A. is important from a number of points of view. As a novel of manners it has Marquand's usual density of material, his ironic urbanity, his compassion, and his control of narrative.

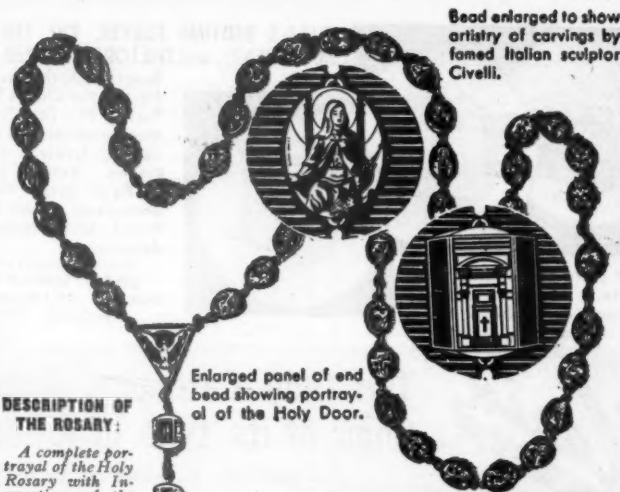


J. P. Marquand

As a phrase maker he is second to none. The details of army life, the circles in which our smart purveyors of entertainment move, and the conventions of suburbia are built into a solid structure. Marquand must have a photographic memory, but, unlike many novelists of manners, he interprets his material. Insecurity is at the bottom of the *malaise* which affects us; even those who manage to achieve security often find it isn't what they wanted and that they have become the kind of person they never wanted to be, and, what is worse, that it is too late to change now.

The novel is important too for its conception of character. In the story of Major General Melville Goodwin's rise to fame the author is examining the bases of character, especially heroic character. The General becomes the peoples' hero partly by accident, partly through the maneuvering of his faithful wife, Muriel, who from the beginning of their marriage has always taken things over, partly through the efforts of the Army's Public Relations, and partly through his own daring and his ability with troops. In many ways he is the typical American soldier right down to the ground; however, without the clever management of Public Relations, he would never have become the peoples' hero. The satire on Public Relations is, perhaps, the best thing about the book.

The story raises a great many important questions, questions about our notions of success, our need to be a part of life, our substitution of sophistication for the homespun wisdom of the past, and our willingness to turn ourselves over to public organizations which determine how we are to be entertained and how we are to think. These questions are never run in as the author's opinions, but are part of the environment in which the characters live; they



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DAN ENGLAND AND THE NOON. DAY DEVIL

By Myles Connolly.
Bruce Publishing Co.

143 pages.
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The short stories and soliloquies that make up most of *Dan England and the Noonday Devil* are threaded together on the most gossamer of plot-lines. The characters, while minutely described — Briggs, agnostic religious editor who gets religion and loses his job; Archer, ex-pharmacist in the throes of novel writing; Barney, the retired pug — remain shadowy. The power of the book lies in its ideas, plentiful, fresh, Christian. Its wit gleams. Essays, elegant and humorous, adorn it as they do the young novels of Aldous Huxley. The spirit of the story is Chestertonian, though it lacks its vitality. The theme is familiar — *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*.

Just what Connolly intended when he wrote *Dan England* is not easily discovered. Is his subject "... And the Greatest of These is Charity?" Was he simply giving himself a pulpit-between-covers for his opinions on neo-Thomism, fatherhood, life insurance? Is it but a frame for fine excerpts from Thomas Aquinas and John of the Cross and bits of Thoreau? Was Dan England's tale "Evening Star" meant to be the heart of the book, as it is the turning point? Is this a morality play with a stoutly built Boston College alumnus for hero: one who brings out the best in everyone, by warmly proclaiming, appearances to the contrary, that virtue is there?

Rarely has an American novel been less conventional in form and subject. Certain pleasure may be derived from it, and some bewilderment. Solid though its philosophy, its ending moving and logical, the plot edges on its way crabwise. *Dan England and the Noonday Devil* is out of tune with all that is thought popular; much in touch with that which is considered not.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

RENNY'S DAUGHTER

By Mazo de la Roche. 376 pages.
Atlantic, Little Brown. \$3.00

This is the twelfth, and by implication, the final or perhaps penultimate book in the saga of the Whiteoak family and their ancestral home, Jalna, the fortunes of which have been followed with breathless interest since 1927 by an enthusiastic group of international admirers. In this, Mazo de la Roche tells the

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November, 1951

love story of eighteen-year-old Adeline, daughter of Renny, the master of Jalna. The course of true love does not run smooth. In fact, it is hard to be sure of its identity or direction, but there is plenty of amorous dialogue for those who enjoy it.

Mazo de la Roche has been compared to Galsworthy and Trollope in her selection and delineation of character and her saga inevitably provokes comparison with that of the former's Forsyth family. But it is an effort to achieve the desirable familiarity, for the characters range in age from ten to almost one hundred. The tie that apparently binds them all is love for the beautiful Jalna property which is in constant danger of being ruined by unhallowed and greedy intruders.

Renny is the leader in the Jalna fight, and his daughter, Adeline, now the flower of the Whiteoak family, is an engaging figure around whom to build a story. Moreover she is "the spit and image" of her great-grandmother Adeline, and as such, a symbol for all her loving relatives, some of whom are Irish.

There is plenty of incident in the well-told tale—trips to Ireland and London, with all the glamour attendant on uncles who are concert pianists and playwrights. There are also fires and funerals and for those who love Jalna, lovable characters aplenty, and brave fighters for the "right."

NORAH MEADE CORCORAN.

REQUIEM FOR A NUN

By William Faulkner. 286 pages.
Random House. \$3.00

It should suffice for devotees and detractors, alike, of William Faulkner—and both are legion—to say of his latest novel that it reveals nothing essentially new about this perplexing author.

Perplexing because he still refuses to curb his excesses of language (magnificently moving though that language can be, say, half the time,) perplexing the more, because he remains essentially a sensual writer, who dips under the surface of wisdom without coming up with revelation.

Once again Mr. Faulkner takes us deep into the Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi, of his personalized creation; once again we meet lawyer Gavin Stephens; once again we have a Negro accused of murder.

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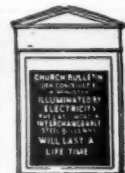
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wrenched, unreal pasteboard players in the murder-drama.

But where it all goes, ultimately, is anybody's guess, for once again Mr. Faulkner's over-all construction lacks cohesion to much the same degree that his unstemmed gush of parenthetical meanderings lacks discipline. There is a touch-and-go quality to the work, marked by recurrent flashes of insight that serve as welcome catalyst to the burdensome obscurities in which the author persists much of the time. But, on balance, one can only say, "Whither, Mr. Faulkner?—and whew!"

CLARE POWERS.

AT SUNDOWN THE TIGER

By Ethel Mannin. 310 pages.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00

Here's a jazzy little number that runs close to the top of the season's most impossible and unnecessary reading soirees. It's one of those fantastic high-color things that wants very much to be a Novel of Significance



E. Mannin

and uses the lash of the jungle and dabblings in Buddhist ideology as starting points to Plumb the Secret of Life.

In particular, it is the life of Raymond Fern, a well-born Englishman in the Indian Forestry Service, that gets plumbed. Our Raymond is a peculiar combination of rotter and charmer, possessed by some sort of psychotic passion for hunting tigers. Oddly enough, he falls in love with his direct antithesis—Aline Greer, a prim, plain medical worker from a Catholic mission hospital.

Normally, a nice sensible girl like Aline who shocks easily would realize in a jiffy that the aforementioned character—being addicted to good liquor, bad women, and crazy fixations—is hardly her cup of tea. But no, she has to find out the hard way. And it doesn't take long, either. Even as a still-blushing bride, she languishes of neglect as her husband is lured by the beast, the bottle, and a desiccated wench named Olivia. Occasionally, he just sits and contemplates nirvana, too. All in all, they are quite a pair of misfits, and Aline turns to the pale, platonic comfort of assistant D.F.O. Frank Nevill in her disillusionment.

This intolerable situation drags on for a number of years until a wounded and rampaging tiger causes a genuine stir by attacking a native boy. Assuming personal responsibility for the youth's death, Fern attempts suicide in a fit of expiation. However, his better self bursts to the surface at the fatal moment, and the curtain descends to the rhythmic phrases of a quotation from the great Gautama—"Om mani padme hum!"—And blessedly the sun-

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PRIZE STORIES OF 1951

By Herschel Brickell.

325 pages.

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This is the thirty-third annual appearance of the O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories. From the initial publication in 1918 through the present edition (stories appearing from May, 1950, to May, 1951).



H. Brickell

the purpose of the various editors has been to present to the public a group of short stories representative of the contemporary trends and to reward through its prizes meritorious accomplishment. The basic rules of eligibility are that the stories be by Americans and that their publication be in American magazines.

The winners of the 1951 O. Henry prizes were: First prize of \$300.00 to Harris Downey for "The Hunters" from *Epoch*; Second prize of \$200.00 to Eudora Welty for "The Burning" from *Harper's Bazaar*; Third Prize of \$100.00 to Truman Capote for "The House of Flowers" from *Mademoiselle*.

Any collection of short stories will evoke noisy "ayes" and "nays" to the judge's selections and to the editor's admissions and omissions. This reviewer was particularly impressed by "The Hunter," a prize winner; he felt, however, that the other two winning stories—"The Burning" and "The House of Flowers"—were quite inferior to Mr. Phillips' "The Shadow of An Arm" and to Mr. Hersey's "Peggety's Parcel of Shortcomings."

The Hersey story, the only humorous one of the twenty-four, raises a serious question when books of this sort are forthcoming. Why is the humorous short story so frequently ignored when the accolades are passed out?

Prize Stories of 1951 is a readable book. It will challenge the careful reader, entertain the average one.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

SHORT NOTICES

THE FACE OF SPAIN. By Gerald Brenan. 310 pages. Pellegrini & Cudahy. \$3.75. An account of a journey which Mr. Brenan and his wife made in the central and southern regions of Spain, this book is civilized, beautiful, and sad. It is civilized because it is balanced in its judgments on Spanish politics. Mr. Brenan is neither a



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The book is sad because it tells the truth, and part of the truth about Spain is that millions of Spaniards are desperately poor. On the other hand, millions of Spaniards, including many of those who are desperately poor, are amazingly rich in spirit, and the landscape of their country is magnificent. Those facts, too, are part of the truth about Spain. It is that part in which, temperamentally, Mr. Brennan is mainly interested.

The sights and the sounds of Spain, its people, and their Faith, especially when that Faith is real and not merely a matter of social tradition—of these, Mr. Brennan writes with a sense of beauty as well as a sense of truth. You can also credit him with a sense of drama and a sense of humor.

STIMULI. By Ronald Knox. 214 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.25. Monsignor Knox calls these brief sermons "lightning meditations." They are just that, brief and brilliant essays written for comfort rather than admonition, each containing a meaty kernel for your spiritual growth. They first appeared on Sundays in the London Times and have been collected here by Sheed and Ward under the suggestive title *Stimuli*. Each one is a restatement of some fundamental truth, drawn from the liturgy, the lives of the saints, or from everyday living. They are suggestive and stimulating rather than expansive, usually having a punch line which is likened to a gnat's sting. Monsignor Knox says "a gnat's sting is better than no sting at all."

As an example of his method, there is the familiar story of the Pharisee and the Publican, two men who went up to the temple but "only one prayed." Then swiftly and tersely, with his gift for the right word, he concludes with: "the door of heaven is low, and we must stoop to enter it." Thus in a single stroke he gives the practical meaning of a Gospel lesson. This is his method throughout.

WHAT CATHOLICS BELIEVE. By Joseph Pieper and Heinz Raskop. 112 pages. Pantheon. \$2.00. Books on apologetics abound today. Some are learned tomes; others brief little pamphlets. This little book can be classified under neither category. Though covering all the branches of belief, it reads more like a meditation on the creed and Church than a reasoned exposition. Unlike so many books on apologetics, it is not filled with overmuch reasoning, as if the author were frantically striving to plug every logical loophole of an imaginary opponent. Instead, the authors create a spirit of humble faith and understanding and allow the scriptures, the liturgy, and the Fathers to speak on various aspects of the Faith, adding their own reasonings as a sort of punctuation. In this way the different doctrines are not allowed to hang on a bare branch of a cold schema, but are harmoniously entwined, giving the instructed a more adequate comprehension of the full deposit of faith. This book should be read by every zealous convert maker and convert.

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WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE NEW YORK TIMES?

(Continued from page 37)

12." One wonders how many *Times* readers, trusting that journal, sent their contributions to this Stalinist fund!

Recently, the *Times* has "plugged" other theatrical groups officially cited as Communist fronts—without including that vital information for the protection of its readers. Such groups include the Dramatic Workshop and People's Drama School of the Theater, which was identified only by its address and the name of actor-teacher Morris Carnovsky. Actors Studio, a New York theatrical laboratory supervised by Red-fronters and likewise well filled with them, has received notable publicity in the Sunday *Times*, though no mention has been made of the group's repugnant connections.

Clifford Odets, a teacher at Actors Studio, has been a recent guest feature-writer for the Sunday *Times*. No mention was made of the fact that he has been identified in sworn testimony as a Communist who was important enough to be sent to Cuba on a secret mission for the Red conspiracy. Other recent Sunday guest writers have included Herman Shumlin, Mordecai Gorelik, Moss Hart, Harold Clurman, Elmer Rice—all with formidable Red-front records.

Make no mistake about it, there were other guest writers, those without such distasteful records. Too, recently there was a delightful article by *Times* Russian expert Harry Schwartz, spoofing the Soviet commissars for their doctrinaire insistence on Party-line orthodoxy even in mystery plays. There was a good piece by Catholic University professor Walter Kerr, who opined that the cure for theater deficits might be more entertainment and less "message."

But, all in all, a good case might be made that the Red-fronters have had the better of it in the dramatic section of the Sunday *Times*, as indicated. Much the same phenomenon has been observed by some in the *Times* Sunday Magazine, where the publicity has been ladled out to frontiers such as Dore Schary, Sam Levenson, Judy Holliday, Jose Ferrer, and Marlon Brando, while longtime anti-Communists such as Jim McGuinness, Edgar Bergen, June Allyson, John Farrow, and John Wayne were lucky to get a teaspoonful.

The *New York Times* is a vast and complex institution, and it would not be human if it did not have some faults. The questions raised here are neither spiteful nor capricious. Their writer is actually one of the *Times'* most faithful readers. But he feels that he is voicing the real doubts of the many throughout the nation who would wish the *New York Times*, like Caesar's wife, to be above suspicion.

LOVE, TOMI

(Continued from page 45)

on the way you did, Pop, built us up, gave us a courage I'm sure we never would have had otherwise. We all seemed to grow bigger and finer, watching you, admiring you. I think now, we actually did grow bigger and finer right under your eyes. Maybe it's because you had the idea your family was pretty good to begin with, that you didn't suspect us. And maybe we just sort of began to live up to your idea of us. I shouldn't wonder but that's it.

THAT first night, when I was in bed, Mom came and sat on the edge of the bed and asked me if I was sure I was right about what I'd heard in the drugstore, because she couldn't believe you were any different from what you'd ever been. I told her what I saw in your face after the doctors had left the shop and you leaned on the counter and looked out into the sunlight on the street. Then she began to cry, but very softly, and I put my arm around her and we began to talk about how wonderful you were, not only then but all the years before, how hard you always worked, day in, day out, without any complaint, and how almost everything you did was for us, like how you almost never bought any clothes for yourself but always made your two girls, Mom and Consuelo, have the best clothes you could afford to buy, and the great plans you had for John and me, and how there had been times when you had to go without lunch to pay the premium on the life insurance policy you carried for Mom and us—things like that, we talked about, and it was the first time since I'd grown up that Mom and me were so close.

Then Mom told me about the elopement of Consuelo and Bert Mellowes that had been planned for that night, and how now her conscience bothered her for not telling you, and how grateful she was for knowing about you being so ill and what the shock would have done to you if the plan had gone through. I didn't say I knew anything. I just let Mom talk. I could see all she had done and planned to do, she had done only because she thought it was going to be wonderful for Consuelo.

Mom sure liked Bert Mellowes. He was so happy and generous, she said, and he didn't smoke or drink. Some day, she said, maybe Bert Mellowes and Consuelo would have a nice church wedding and everything would be fine. I didn't say anything then, either.

We must have talked for an hour, and I guess I got to know Mom better than I'd ever known her. I got to see she's like a child, Pop, just a little girl, like Consuelo, and I can see now what

you mean when you call them two little girls. When Mom left, I kissed her good night, something I hadn't done in as long as I could remember.

I lay awake a long time, doing some thinking. I decided I'd have to do something about Bert Mellowes, but just what I didn't know. And I decided I'd open up pretty soon and tell you how I felt. But, as you know, the days and the weeks and the months went by, and I never did, and then, somehow, it was too late.

Well, that night before I went to sleep I went to the window and looked out at the "Northwind" riding at its mooring on the water. There was moonlight all around her and the bay was very calm and quiet. And I remembered all your plans, your dreams for your old age as you called them, and how you were going to do nothing but sail up and down the coast from Mexico to Canada with your family, and how you used to say that was the only happiness you ever wanted and it was well worth working for and waiting for. And then, I remembered what Dr. Evans had said that morning about your having only four months left, Pop. It was a pretty hard fact to accept, Pop. The "Northwind" would be here four months from now and we'd be here,

• A man of few words doesn't have to take them back.

but you wouldn't, Pop. Then, suddenly, for the first time I began to go to pieces. I got angry, got mad at God and the world, and I wanted to run out into the street and scream my anger everywhere and at everybody. Then, I remembered how quietly and bravely you had accepted the fact, had taken the death sentence, and I felt ashamed of myself, and in a minute I was calm again. I drew down the window shade against the moonlight and went back to bed.

Just as I turned away from the window, I heard someone drawing down the window shade in your room across the hall, and right away I knew it was you. You had been looking out at the "Northwind," too.

Those months went fast, Pop. And your courage couldn't keep you from growing thinner and grayer, nor your shoulders from getting bent, nor your walk from slowing down to little more than a shuffle. The hardest thing for me to watch was the twinkle fading out of your eyes. The little smile around your mouth never went, not for good, anyway, but the twinkle disappeared, and after a while there were mostly shadows in your eyes.

Still, you made no comment or complaint. Once, I remember, when we

were standing outside of the shop, a Mexican funeral procession went slowly by on its way up to the Mission. They had come in from the hills, and the casket was on a farm wagon drawn by two horses, and the friends and relatives, men, women, and children, followed the wagon on foot. The wagon was filled with flowers, mostly dark red hibiscus blossoms and white oleander blossoms and there were so many of them you could hardly see the casket, and the people following the casket also carried flowers, but they carried mostly red roses. It was a sunny bright morning, but the breeze that comes off the sea sometimes in late summer was blowing across the town and, as you remember, it would blow some of the flowers off of the wagon on to the street, and the flowers lay in the street and the people walking behind the wagon tropped over the flowers. You watched the procession, leaving its little broken trail of flowers in the bright sunlight, until it was out of sight and then, after a moment, you spoke, and your voice had a little sadness in it. "Death seems like a stranger," you said, "like an intruder in this bright and colorful country. I wonder if it is harder to die here than it is elsewhere, like in Boston, for instance." That was the only time I ever heard you give any hint that maybe you were doing a lot more thinking than you ever let us know.

I USED to watch you all the time, Pop, and I figured one day you'd break, but you never did. At first, when you couldn't eat very well, you used to say you were giving up certain foods because they were too rich for you. Then, later, you used to say it looked like you had an acid condition, and food was bad for it. Finally, you said you guessed you had ulcers but not to worry for the doctors were getting so they could get rid of ulcers pretty quick nowadays. When someone, who hadn't seen you for a long time, would remark about your thinness, you would joke and say it was a good thing because thin people usually lived longer.

I can still see you getting up in the morning and going to work just as if life were the same as it always had been, and there wasn't anything wrong at all. And sometimes you almost had us believing it, but the time came when you could spend only an hour or two at the shop, and then the time came when you couldn't go to the shop at all. You never said anything, and we didn't, either.

Bert Mellowes came around to the house a lot at first, especially at night when you were in bed, but Consuelo thought his laughing was sort of out

of place, though she could not explain why to him, so she told him not to come. After that, when she saw him she saw him downtown, I guess, or at the cafe. Dr. English used to come around the house to see you during those days, on times when Dr. Evans would be in San Diego, and he would loiter around in the front room, and for a time I thought Consuelo and he would take up again. But those gifts that Bert Mellowes sent, flowers and candy almost every day, and special gifts about every week, like perfumes and fancy soaps, and things like that, kept Bert Mellowes right around the house almost more than if he were there.

You seemed to grow gentler with Mom and Consuelo as the weeks went by, and you kept telling John and me little things, like how you kept your accounts at the shop, and how the car needed a new fuel pump, things like that. And you used to give us little items of advice, but mostly you kept telling us we were good boys, as if you wanted to be sure we'd always remember what you thought of us. I remember, Pop. I remember every word you said, and everything you did. It's just as if I were listening to you and watching you right now.

Then, came the day you went to the hospital, and time was running out fast.

I CAN still see you at home that last day, sitting in the front room where you had called us, waiting for us all to sit down.

It looked, you said, as if your sickness was more serious than you thought, and you guessed you'd have to be going to the hospital for a spell. A hospital's a much better place for treating the sick anyway, you said, with its nurses and equipment, and you'd have a much better chance to get well quicker there.

Then, you saw that none of us was surprised, and none of us said anything, and you knew all of a sudden that we knew, and I remember the wonderful look on your thin, tired face.

You didn't speak for a long time. No one spoke. Then, at last, you said, "Well, well. That's pretty good; pretty good," and you spoke very softly, and I think then, Pop, I saw what looked like your twinkle back in your eyes.

You hadn't told us how ill you were, you explained, because you hadn't wanted to spoil the summer for us, and then your little smile came on your gray face, and you said, slowly, very slowly, "I always knew my family was all right. I can go now, happy and in peace."

Then, you got up, and making your way by yourself the way you always insisted, you left the room and went to the front door to go to the car, and we followed, and no one cried, not even Mom.

You remember all this, I guess, but I don't think you had any idea how I felt, and how great I thought you were, and especially how great you were when you told us that you didn't say anything about your illness because you didn't want to spoil the summer for us. I can still see you saying that, Pop, with your little smile on your face, and you were great. It'll be a long time before I forget it.

I knew that ride to the hospital was going to be our last ride together, and I had been dreading it. But it wasn't so bad after all. We felt so proud of you, and, I guess, we kind of felt proud of ourselves because of the compliments you'd given us. You made little ordinary remarks as we went along, like about the new paving job, and how Mrs. Sullivan's house needed painting, and I can't tell you how normal, and just like it used to be, it made us all feel.

I remember, too, how, when you were in the hospital and all comfortable in bed, Mom started suddenly to say some prayers in Spanish, and she was trembling, and you patted her head and

• Snobs talk as if they had begotten their own ancestors.

—Herbert Agar

quieted her and said, "I haven't waited till now, to say my prayers, Mrs. Butler." I'm not going to forget that, either.

Well, Pop, driving home from the hospital we all felt fairly good, considering. It was you who had done it, of course. It was you who had made us all feel that way. And then, the strangest thing happened. It was almost, Pop, as if you had arranged it.

We were driving across town all very quiet, thinking and not saying anything, when we noticed the newsboys running around, hawking their papers in great excitement. We came to a stop sign and John stopped the car, and I leaned out and bought a paper. Mom and Consuelo, who were in the back seat, leaned forward and we all read the headlines together.

None of us said anything. We looked at one another and we all had the same thought but still none of us said anything. That was the paper that told of Bert Mellowes being arrested by Federal officers that day on a narcotics charge. You read all about it yourself, the next day, about his using his place in our little town as a headquarters for a ring that ran dope up out of Mexico, and how his name was not Mellowes but Mello, and how he had a criminal record and had been mixed up in a lot of killings in Detroit and Chicago, and had had three or four wives, and the rest of it. You read about it yourself, as I say, but you never knew how we were involved, and how he was going to run off

with Consuelo that day I went down to see you at the shop. If I hadn't gone down to see you, and hadn't heard about your illness, and hadn't gone home that evening and told the family, Consuelo would have married Bert Mellowes, and maybe John and Uncle Luis would have been mixed up with him, and there'd have been nothing now for all of us but heartbreak and unhappiness.

All I could think in the car that day was that somehow you had saved us from all this. You didn't know you had, and you didn't plan it, of course, but still that was the way it worked out. I know that's what we were all thinking in the car that day when we looked at one another, Pop. And I still have that feeling that even your dying took care of us, Pop, just as your living did. And I wanted to tell you that, too.

WELL, that's about it, Pop. Everything at home is going pretty well, considering. That Spanish blood of Mom's is all right, and she's been tops, brave and smiling, and always wanting to help us, like she's been trying to take your place, and Consuelo and Dr. English are going together again, and it looks like it's going to take this time, and John is spending all his time at the shop with Mr. Higgins and liking it, and in two weeks he goes North to study pharmacy the way you always wanted him to, and I got hold of a Blue Jacket's Manual, and am studying it, just in case, when I get through high school, I get a shot at Annapolis, and that's about the way things are right now, which is pretty good, don't you think?

Now, I'll tell you how I came to write this, and then I'll be finished.

The other day when I was going goofy, thinking about how I'd never opened up to you when you were around, I was up at the Mission getting some lemons and I saw Father Anthony walking in the cloister, so I decided to go to him and tell him how I felt. He understood it right off. You know how strict and stern he is, well, when I told him about us, I think I saw something like a tear in his eye. He was like me with his father when he was a kid, he said. And when I told him I'd been thinking lately of writing down how I felt in a sort of letter, but I knew that was foolish, because it would be a letter I never could mail, he said he wasn't so sure it was foolish, and he told me to go ahead and write it. Since no one had any idea how great God's kindness was, he said, no one could definitely say you wouldn't learn somehow what I'd put down on paper. That's the way he talked. It didn't help me too much, till he told me to remember that God is a father, too, and that started me to thinking.

So, here it is, Pop. Love, Tomi.

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